

FRANCIS DRAKE THE SEA-KING OF DEVON

GEORGE M. TOWLE





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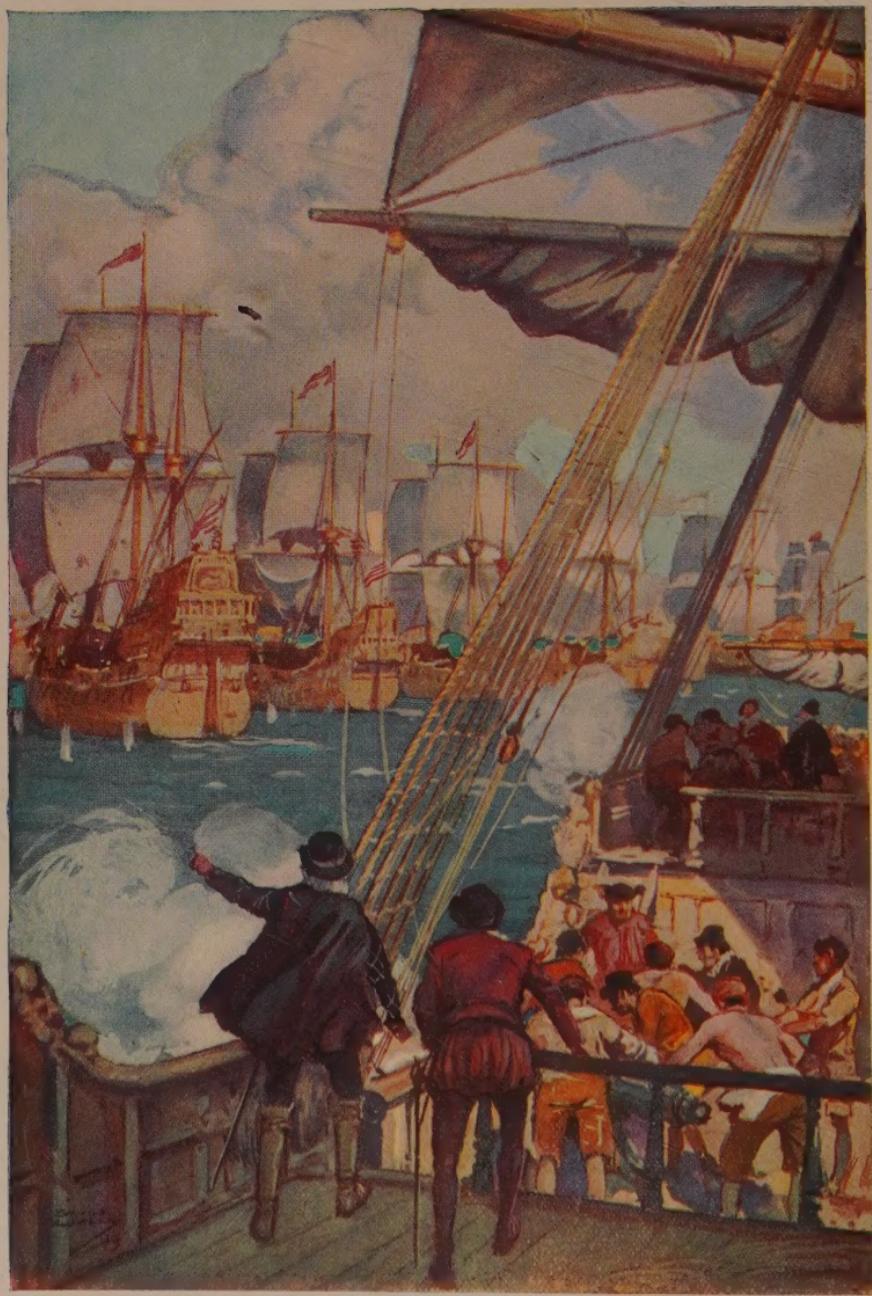
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DRAKE BOLDLY SALLIED FORTH IN THE "REVENGE"

Fr.

FRANCIS DRAKE THE SEA-KING OF DEVON

BY
GEORGE M. TOWLE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR BY
SAVILE LUMLEY



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PREFACE

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, called in his own time ‘the Sea-King of Devon,’ was one of the chief figures in that brilliant group of genius and valour which surrounded the throne of the Maiden Queen Elizabeth. He was the foremost of the sea-conquerors of his age. Amid a throng of English captains skilled in every maritime art, fearless in encounter, dauntless in attack, and spirited in adventure, Drake rose to undisputed pre-eminence. As a buccaneer, ploughing the oceans in search of captures and plunder, preying upon the commerce of the hated Spaniards, pillaging colonies and filling the holds of his ships with the gold and gems taken from the enemy, he was more vigorous, successful, and ruthless than any corsair of that day. He was the first English admiral to sail a ship completely round the globe; and a remote result of his famous and romantic voyage was the establishment of an English Empire in the Orient. He was the hero of the magnificent victory which the English won over the Invincible Armada in the Channel; and

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his bravery, which drove the 'Armada, burning, scattered, and wrecked, from English waters, may be said to have determined the course which the civilization of the world would thenceforth pursue.

Drake was one of those rough, blunt, sturdy, fearless men who seem peculiarly formed to do deeds of heroism, to appear most nobly in scenes of danger, and to achieve the most difficult feats of daring and action, whether in warlike contention or in conflict with formidable elements of nature ; and his career, stirring and adventurous, bold and unresting from early youth to age, in spite of the piracies which were excused by his own time, though they seem wicked in ours, is full of lessons of manly qualities, and of great and often admirable deeds.

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FRANCIS DRAKE THE SEA-KING OF DEVON

CHAPTER I YOUTHFUL DAYS

THE picturesque and historical county of Devon was not only the birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh, but was also that of his great predecessor in naval warfare, Sir Francis Drake.

While Raleigh's boyhood, however, was spent in the eastern part of the county, that of Drake was passed some miles westward, where Devon borders on Cornwall.

In this western part, the pastoral beauties of the county, its dipping vales and verdant hills, its noisy streams and ancient manors, rival the scenes of Raleigh's early days.

There still clusters on the banks of the river Tavy the old market town of Tavistock, in the midst of a fertile valley, and at the central point of a smiling landscape. The town is as busy and bright as it was three centuries ago. The surrounding farmers still flock into its zigzag streets

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on market-days, display the fruits of their toil, and bargain, haggle, and gossip, just as their sturdy ancestors were wont to do in the remote days of good Queen Bess. The two strong bridges which even so long ago spanned the Tavy in the midst of the little town still serve to bear the heavy wagons as they creep along on market-days.

Indeed, Tavistock, with its straggling thoroughfares by the riverside, its rows of quaint old houses, its homely and cosy inns, has changed its aspect but very little since the troublous times of the Tudors. A few small manufactures have been added to its farming industry; and these serve to sustain its ancient importance in the county.

Close by the Tavy you may espy the venerable abbey, the largest and most imposing in Devonshire, where the good people of Tavistock have worshipped, wedded, and been buried these nine hundred years or more. It is said that the second printing press to be set up in England was put in motion in Tavistock Abbey.

When this ancient edifice was taken away from its original proprietors, the Benedictine monks, it was conferred on Lord Russell, the ancestor of the famous family of that name which has taken so notable a part in English history.

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At a place named Crowndale, about a mile from the town, there used to stand, as recently as the latter part of the last century, a low, wide-roofed cottage, almost hid from view by dense ivy and other climbing plants, and almost buried amid copses of venerable trees. It was a queer old place, with its gables, its small-paned windows, and its air of drowsy age. Those who came, ever and anon, to visit it, did not fail to observe how it lay in the midst of a lovely picture of pastoral scenery. On one side rose the rough, imposing Morwell Rocks; from its windows you had charming glimpses of the sloping and winding vales of the Walcombe and the Lyd; not far off you might examine the Dewer Stone, and crouch in the ‘Cave of the Virtuous Lady,’ listening to the legend which suggests its name, as told by some loquacious rustic.

It was in this cottage, and amid these sweet and sunny scenes, that there lived, in the time of bluff Henry the Eighth, a modest, retiring, and somewhat poverty-stricken gentleman, by the name of Drake. What had been the avocation of his early days, or how he came to settle down in this quaint Devon cottage, we do not know. But in the middle of the sixteenth century he was serving as a chaplain in the Royal Navy; while he eked out a straitened existence by the cultivation of his

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little farm. Mr Drake no doubt found it a far from easy task to satisfy the appetites of his healthy and fast-growing boys ; but he kept working away, and besides feeding them, imparted to them such an education as his knowledge of men and books could supply. But Mr Drake had a trait which got him into trouble. He was a firm and sturdy Protestant, and made no secret of his conversion to and zeal in the new faith. Those were stormy and uncertain days for Protestants in England ; for Henry the Eighth, though he had introduced the Reformation into England, was capricious in his theological course, and sometimes oppressed the Protestants as bitterly as he had done the Catholics.

Under one of the royal edicts, the poor Navy chaplain of Tavistock became liable to punishment for the boldness and openness of his religious views ; to escape which, he one night suddenly broke up his household at Crowndale, and hastened with his family to an obscure retreat in Kent, at the other end of England. How long he stayed in Kent, or what he did to gain a living during his sojourn there, history does not tell us ; but there is reason to believe that after bluff King Hal had been succeeded on the throne by the boy king, Edward the Sixth, Mr Drake returned to his former home in Devonshire.

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The eldest of his family of twelve hearty boys was named Francis, after his father. Francis was born, undoubtedly, before his father hurried away so abruptly into Kent. The date of his birth was probably 1539 ; though, so obscure are the records of his early life, that some historians are disposed to believe that he came into the world at a later period. At all events, Francis Drake spent the days of his early childhood amid the lovely surroundings of Tavistock. He was from the first noted for his active and restless temperament, his hardy frame and powers of endurance, his fondness for daring adventure and athletic sports. He fished in the pretty winding Tavy ; he climbed the Dartmoor hills, and perhaps hunted among their dells for small game ; he studied somewhat, though his opportunities for education were for the most part confined to the instruction his father, in moments snatched from absorbing toils, was able to give him ; and, in the midst of his pursuits and recreations, he began very early in life to dream glowing dreams of a career at sea.

In pursuance of his duties as Navy chaplain, the elder Drake often repaired to the busy Devon port of Plymouth, and was in the habit of sometimes taking his eldest son with him. Indeed it is said that for a while the family resided in that town. Here Francis was brought in contact with many

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a talkative ‘old salt,’ who told him tales of the sea which made him impatient to grow big enough to follow the adventures of the perilous main himself. While his good father was busy with his pious services, the boy wandered delightedly about the wharves and ships, or strolled among the rocks and cliffs which overlook the English Channel.

Among the many hardy navigators whom young Drake met at Plymouth was the famous Captain, afterward Sir John, Hawkins. This brave man was a cousin of Drake’s, and had long been engaged in the trade which existed between England and the Canary Islands. Hawkins took a great fancy to his young cousin, and liked to sit and tell him long and thrilling yarns about his adventures at sea. He encouraged the boy’s desire to follow the sea as a profession, and soon perceived that he was the sort of lad to carye out a brilliant career for himself.

In after years Hawkins was destined to perform many feats of naval warfare and peril; and the fate of young Drake became, for a time, closely connected with that of his doughty kinsman.

One day, as young Drake was idling among the ships, he was accosted by a brawny seaman, whom he had often seen and talked with at his father’s house. This seaman, being a bachelor, had often sojourned for a week or two with the Drakes,

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and had received many kindnesses from the Navy chaplain. He owned, it seemed, a sturdy little vessel, which he was in the habit of sailing between Plymouth and the French coast, carrying backward and forward such modest cargoes as he could pick up.

He was not long in perceiving Francis's bent, and his big heart warmed to the boy who, thus early, evinced a passion for all that pertained to the sea. So, on this day, taking him on board his vessel, and bidding him sit down on the ropes, he said to him :

"Don't you think I've a tight little craft here, my lad?"

"You have, indeed," replied Drake, looking around. "There's none stauncher in Plymouth harbour."

"So you like her, do you? And how would you like to sail in her?"

Young Drake stared at the seaman with a look of surprise; and his face lit up with an eager expression. He had never been really out to sea; and his dream by day and night had long been to find himself on the broad deep, and out of sight of land.

"Oh, I should like it," replied he, "more than anything."

"Well," said the master of the vessel, "I'll tell

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you what I've been thinking. I've followed the sea now this many a year ; and though I'm tough still, I feel myself getting old. My arms and legs don't stand me in as good stead as they used to do, and I find it harder, in an ugly squall, to manage my boat than I did a year or two ago. Now, I want a good, sturdy young fellow to help me run her back and forth ; and I rather think you're just the boy for me. Would you like to be my apprentice?"

"I'd like nothing better in all the world," responded Francis, with beaming eyes.

"But how would your father like it? Do you think he would consent?"

"Oh, I hope so! If you will only ask him, sir, I think he will."

"Well, I will lose no time in doing so," was the hearty reply of the old mariner.

He was as good as his word. He sought an early occasion to talk with Mr Drake, who was at first very unwilling to give his consent to the proposal. The boy, he said, was too young, and had not yet received his education. But when he found that not only the master of the vessel but Francis himself was set upon the plan, he yielded.

It did not take Francis long to prepare for the momentous change in his boyish life. With eager zeal he devoted himself to learning the various terms for the rigging and other parts of the vessel;

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how to manage the sails, how to steer, and how to ascertain the position of the ship. He watched, more narrowly than ever before, the manœuvres of the sailors on board the various vessels in the harbour ; and received with more than willing ear the careful advice and instructions of his father.

A snug little berth was fitted up for him on board the vessel which was, for a while at least, to become his rude and tempest-tossed home ; and a suit of rough sailor's clothes was soon completed for him by the busy hands of his mother.

It was with much emotion that, on the eve of his first voyage, he embraced and bade adieu to father and mother, and the noisy troop of his many little brothers ; and that at last he found himself on the deck of the vessel, one afternoon, gliding under a brisk breeze out of Plymouth Harbour.

We may well imagine that the first few hours were not very comfortable ones to our young sailor ; but we may be sure that, through all the discomfort and danger, he kept a stout, manly heart. He soon became used to the sloughing and pitching of the ship ; and before his first voyage was over, knew as well how to hoist, trim, and take in sail as his master. The latter was surprised at the quickness with which his apprentice learned to perform every task on board, and exultingly

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declared to him that he was born to be a great sailor.

It was not many months before the worthy skipper found himself able to leave the entire charge of his vessel to Drake's management; and being now old and infirm, he often remained ashore, and allowed the young tar to run along the coast and to and fro in the Channel by himself.

The more Drake saw of the rough life of the sea, the fonder he became of it, and the more ardent grew his ambition to pursue it in a wider sphere. Month by month he added to his experience, and managed to save a little of the small wages he received. By and by his master admitted him into partnership, so that he shared the modest profits acquired by the excursions of the little craft.

Drake's courage and quickness to learn, his manly and active temperament, and his love for the sea, completely won the affection of his master, who ended by adopting him as his heir.

One day the old skipper was taken ill in his cottage; and it soon became clear that he would never rise from his bed again. When Drake returned from the short voyage he had been making to a neighbouring port, he found the good man dying. He was overwhelmed with grief, for his master had been all that was kind and generous

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to him. The young sailor devoted his care and time to his departing friend, tended at his bedside, and did what he could to comfort his last hours.

When the skipper breathed his last, and was buried, Drake found that he had bequeathed all his earthly possessions to him. These were, indeed, trifling; but in them was included the stout little craft in which Drake had sailed so long, and to which he was so strongly attached.

He now found himself her sole owner; and with her, the master of a thriving coastwise trade. Several of his younger brothers—he had eleven brothers in all—had now reached an age when they too could go to sea. They shared their eldest brother's love of a seafaring life; and he initiated the two next younger than himself into the mysteries of managing a vessel.

He pursued his trade with all the strength, ardour, and ambition of his hardy nature. He braved the fiercest storms with a cool intrepidity which won him praise on every hand. No tempest, however furious, could keep him in port when he had a voyage in view. Many times he was in great peril of his life, and once or twice he was driven by the heavy seas of the Channel upon the islands.

'As month by month and year by year he

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steadily stuck to his business, he gradually saved a goodly sum ; and with it he aided his father and mother, who were now old and poor, and gave, now and then, a lift to his little brothers.

But after a while he began to long to take part in larger undertakings than those of the Channel trade. At the age of eighteen he was a man in height and strength and in the fullness of his experience. He thought himself capable of greater things than the humble calling which he had thus far followed ; and he made up his mind that, at the first opportunity, he would transfer his faithful little craft to one of his brothers, and embark on more ambitious enterprises.

At that period of the world's history, no one seemed to regard the slave trade as barbarous or cruel. It was considered a proper and lawful object of commerce to seize the savage Africans on their coast, to stow them away in the holds of vessels, and to carry and sell them where their labour was needed. The traffic in slaves was indulged in without hindrance by the most civilized nations. The slave merchant grew rich, and was respected in the community where he lived. The moral sense even of the most enlightened men had not been aroused to regard this trade as an enormity and a crime.

The slave trade was indeed, in Drake's time,

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the most profitable branch of English commerce. All who entered it made fortunes. Besides, there was just enough danger in it to stimulate the love of adventure and incident which found a place in the hearts of the tough English sailors.

Drake, having no conception that it was wrong to kidnap and sell the poor blacks of Africa, began to be anxious to share in the perils and profits of this traffic. He saw in it a chance to get rich, to give ease to the declining years of his parents, and at the same time to indulge in the stirring life for which his bold and restless spirit yearned.

Ere long an opportunity presented itself; and Drake found himself launched upon a far more exciting sphere of action than that in which he had hitherto laboured.

CHAPTER II

DRAKE CROSSES THE ATLANTIC

DRAKE'S kinsman, stout John Hawkins, had been for some years actively engaged in the slave trade. He would sail his ship to the coast of Guinea, and there, by force of stratagem, would procure his cargo of dusky savages, and carry them away to the Spanish islands. There he would barter them for gold ; and returning to Plymouth, would relate with rough glee the adventures and profits of his expedition.

Of course, there were now and then times when Drake found himself in Plymouth when Hawkins was there, and, being fired with the ambition to follow his example, persuaded his kinsman to take him into his service. Hawkins gave him the place of mate in his own ship, and, after a while, Drake was admitted to a share in the large profits of the voyages.

Drake soon found himself quite at home in his wider sphere of action. Familiar now with all the arts of practical navigation, and fearless amid the

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most formidable perils, he won the complete admiration and confidence of Hawkins. He bore a stout and blithe heart amid the tempests, and in dealing with the sailors showed that he possessed the genius of command. When, on his first voyage, the ship anchored off the Guinea coast, Drake was one of the foremost of those who went ashore, and invaded the rude villages of the ill-fated natives. In the unequal contests between the invaders and their victims, he always took a vigorous part, and soon proved himself as dauntless in this savage warfare as he was when ploughing the mighty deep.

Ere very long, Drake found himself in possession of a goodly competence, which he freely spent upon his parents and brothers. Visions of a yet wider career began to occupy and stir his mind; and when, one day, Hawkins announced to him that he was about to proceed with a squadron across the Atlantic, and offered him the command of one of the vessels, Drake seized the chance with joyful promptness.

Drake was now a muscular man of twenty-eight. His features had become bronzed and weather-beaten; his frame, of medium height, was strongly knit by the exposure and hardships which he had been continually undergoing from early boyhood; his countenance was bold, fearless, and somewhat

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stern ; his bearing betokened a man used to command. His large blue eyes were bright and piercing ; a flowing moustache and a pointed beard on his chin followed the fashion of Queen Elizabeth's time. Drake made himself respected and feared by the sailors over whom he was placed. He had but little education, and was rough and sailor-like in his ways. His was a soul of iron ; he was full of courage, of determination, and had great mental and physical vigour.

The expedition to the islands of the Spanish Main was to sail from the familiar Plymouth Harbour. It was not Hawkins's first voyage across the Atlantic. Twice before he had followed the track of Columbus toward the setting sun. English navigators and buccaneers, who had long ceased to find a profit on the American coast, had once more turned their eyes in that direction ; and their ambition had been aroused anew by the rivalry which had arisen between England and Spain. Spain had become England's bitterest foe ; and England had resolved, in retaliation, to become Spain's rival on the high seas, and in the conquest and colonization of distant lands. But previous to this quarrel, Hawkins had made two voyages to the American islands, and had succeeded in making them exceedingly profitable by the sale of his slaves. The last of these voyages had taken

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place two years before the planning of the expedition in the adventures of which Drake was destined to take part.

Now, the prospect of capturing rich Spanish galleons, laden with cargoes of precious metals and the valuable products of remote climes, was added to the almost certain profits to be gained from the sale of slaves ; and both Hawkins and Drake looked forward with high hope to the results of their venture.

It was in the early autumn of 1567 that the six goodly ships which were to form Hawkins's squadron rode at anchor in the pretty harbour of Plymouth. One of the smallest, but stoutest and most seaworthy, was the "Judith," a ship of only fifty tons. It was the "Judith" which was assigned to Drake's command. In the last days preceding the setting forth of the expedition, Drake busied himself in making ample preparations for the long and perilous voyage.

With what pride did he watch the movements of the trim little ship, as she rocked gently on the waves of the harbour ! With what paternal fondness did he examine her rigging, her sides, her masts, and her cabins ! He stocked his own cabin with such nautical instruments as were then known to mariners, and with a few books on the art of navigation ; he took great care in selecting his

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crew, choosing them, as far as he could, from among the sturdy companions of his former voyages; and he made provision for the comfort of his parents during his long stay on distant waters.

At last, on the 2nd of October, all was ready, and the little squadron set sail, with colours flying and amid a chorus of farewells from the quays, just as the sun was rising to its zenith. Hawkins himself commanded the “*Jesùs*,” the flag-ship, which led the rest out into the Channel. Then came the “*Judith*,” upon whose deck stood the bronzed and stalwart Drake, with plumed hat and flowing cloak.

For a week the squadron proceeded on its way, the six ships keeping close together, under sunny skies and wafted by gentle breezes. But on the eighth day out a tremendous storm scattered them over the angry waves, and the coolness and skill of Drake were sorely tried. So violent were the winds that even the hardy Hawkins deemed it wise to turn his prows homeward, and gave the order, to such ships as he could hail, to return toward England. Scarcely had the ships headed in a northerly direction, however, than the wind suddenly changed again, and fell to a light breeze; whereupon Hawkins once more gave the order to proceed toward the African coast.

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The ships, scattered over the great deep by the storm, found a rendezvous at the Canary Islands, where they took in water. In just six weeks after setting out from Plymouth, Drake espied, from the deck of the “*Judith*,” the familiar coast of Guinea; and the squadron was soon after safely anchored off Cape Verde.

The first thing to do was to seize as many negroes as possible, and to stow them away in the ships. Landing with a hundred and fifty picked men, Hawkins and Drake scoured the country in the vicinity of the coast. But their success was not equal to their hopes, for they were able to capture but few blacks; and even these were not secured until a number of the English had been killed with their poisoned arrows and javelins. “Although in the beginning,” wrote Hawkins in narrating the expedition, “these seemed to cause but small hurts, yet there escaped hardly any men who had blood drawn of them; but they died in a strange manner, after their wounds seemed healed. I myself had one of the most serious wounds; yet, thanks be to God, I escaped.” After this rather unlucky adventure, Hawkins continued cruising along the African coast, and picking up, here and there, what few unfortunate blacks he and his men could lay their hands on.

One day the ships anchored in a harbour where

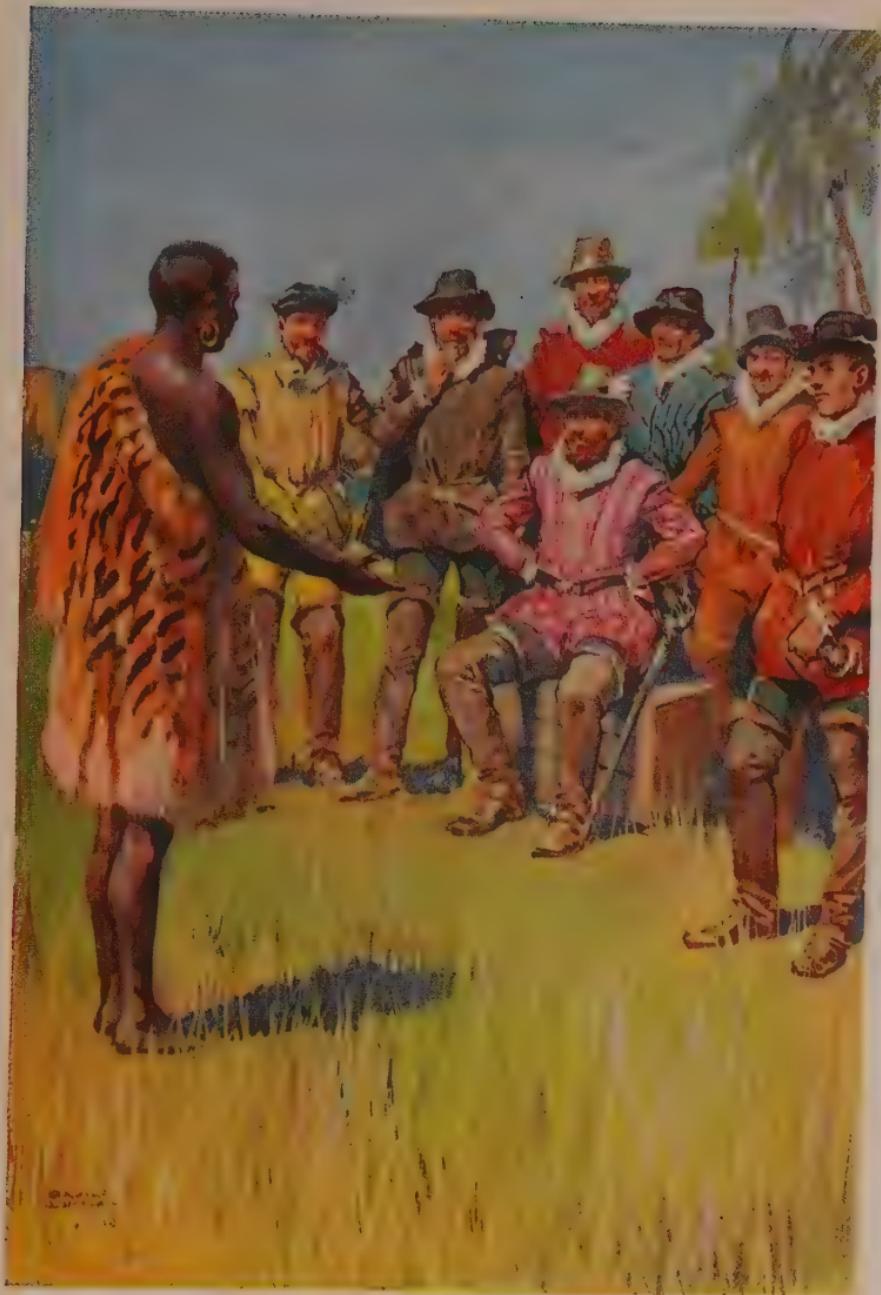
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there seemed to be a good prospect of making some captures. While Hawkins was preparing to make an incursion inland, some of his men came to him and told him that a negro, evidently of rank and importance, had arrived from the interior, and was anxious to communicate with the captain.

Seating himself on a little knoll just above the harbour, with Drake and the other shipmasters around him, Hawkins ordered that the negro should be brought before him. The new-comer was so very black that his features could scarcely be distinguished. His big eyes glistened and showed their whites, partly from distrust and fear, and partly from curiosity. He wore nothing but a rude robe made from a tiger's skin; and in his ears hung two enormous rings of some shining metal.

As soon as he had recovered from his timidity at finding himself alone in the midst of a group of white men, the negro began to make rapid motions and gestures, chattering all the while in his native tongue, of which, of course, none of the Englishmen understood a word. But Hawkins had been so long engaged in the slave trade, and had had so many dealings with the negroes, that he was not slow to understand the meaning of his gestures and grimaces.

He succeeded in making out that the negro was



THE NEWCOMER WAS SO VERY BLACK THAT HIS FEATURES
COULD SCARCELY BE DISTINGUISHED



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the envoy of a certain swarthy king, who ruled one of the countries not many miles in the interior, and that this potentate, hearing of the arrival of the English on the coast, had sent to seek their aid in a desperate war which he was at that moment carrying on. It appeared that two neighbouring kings had joined forces for the purpose of destroying him, and dividing his dominions between them. He was now in a forlorn state, for his subjects had been overwhelmingly defeated in a long and ferocious battle.

Hawkins, who always had a keen eye to his own advantage, saw at once that this was an opportunity to profit by the quarrels of these savage monarchs. By allying himself with the defeated king, and putting his enemies to rout, he might hope to fill the nearly empty holds of his vessels with the human cargoes he had hitherto failed to obtain ; and by capturing and sacking their towns he might also find treasures worth carrying away with him.

So he told the negro envoy to hasten back to his master, and to apprise him that the English would follow forthwith to his rescue. With the bold Drake as his lieutenant, Hawkins set forward next morning with a well-armed force of one hundred and twenty men. With their skill and their firearms, even so small a number would be a

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match for an army of untaught savages. The company marched without obstacle or hindrance through the country, which at first they found almost deserted; for the negroes, dreading the slave-ships, had to a large extent retreated from the neighbourhood of the coast. At last, on reaching the top of a hill, Hawkins espied a thickly settled village, nestled in an open space on the farther edge of the valley. He found that this village belonged to one of the adversaries of his dusky ally, and lost no time in preparing to attack it.

The village was strongly defended by high palings and fences; as soon as the inhabitants caught sight of the white strangers, and suspected their hostile intentions, they prepared to resist the assault by every means in their power.

Drake led the attacking force; but so stout was the resistance of the natives that he was driven back again and again. The poisoned arrows, shot from behind the palings, did deadly work, while the firearms of the English were of little avail against the wooden rampart. Hawkins was obliged to send in all haste back to the ships for reinforcements. When these arrived, he once more assailed the negro town. He was soon joined by a body of savages led by the king whose cause he was aiding; and now the conflict became

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hot and desperate. At last the ramparts were scaled, and the English adventurers found themselves in possession of the place.

“We put the inhabitants to flight,” says Hawkins in his narrative, “and took two hundred and fifty persons—men, women, and children—prisoners, while our friend the king took six hundred, of whom we hoped to have had our choice. But the negro (in whose nation is seldom or never found truth) had no intention of allowing this; for that night he removed his camp and prisoners, so that we were fain to content us with those few we had got ourselves.”

Thus was Hawkins repaid by the ingratitude of the dusky monarch whom he had come to help. But the expedition, after all, was not an unprofitable one, for the buccaneers found that their vessels were now laden with four or five hundred negroes.

It was early in February 1568—four months after its departure from Plymouth—that the little squadron turned its prows westward, and sailed toward the Spanish Main. For the first time Drake exulted in the thought that he was on the broad Atlantic, and was ploughing across that unruly and dangerous deep of which so many thrilling stories had reached his ears. At last his eye would rest on the wonders of the New World, its rich and luxuriant scenery, its wealth in fruits

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and in precious metals, while his love of adventure would be gratified by the encounter with England's Spanish rivals, and the dusky tribes of the Western Islands.

The voyage across the Atlantic consumed about seven weeks ; nor did any accident occur to mar the prosperous voyage. No mighty storms scattered or wrecked the sturdy ships ; there was ample provision on board, and the experience which Hawkins had acquired by his two previous voyages was now of great service to him in guiding the squadron across the ocean by the quickest route. On the 27th of March, Drake, standing on the deck of the "Judith," and enjoying the soft and balmy breezes blowing from the Gulf of Mexico, caught sight of land ; and the intelligence quickly spread to the other vessels. The land proved to be the island we now call Hayti, but which the buccaneers then knew as "Dominica." The squadron cast anchor in one of the harbours, and Hawkins prepared to sell his slaves, and to exchange his merchandise with the Spanish colonists.

The Spanish king had sent orders to his colonists in the West Indies not to have any dealings with the English, but Hawkins's slaves and goods were too tempting to be rejected ; in spite of the king's commands, he drove a brisk trade with the Spanish planters and merchants.

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The squadron coasted along from island to island, and wherever the English landed they were well received and entertained. At last they reached Capo de la Vela, and attempted to open a traffic with a large Spanish settlement called Rio de la Hacha. The governor of this place was of different metal from the rest. He hated and feared the English, and was eager to fulfil his sovereign's commands. Hawkins was very anxious to trade at Rio de la Hacha, for it was there that he expected to get pearls in exchange for his merchandise. But when he found himself opposite the town, he perceived, to his chagrin, that it was fortified, and that its ramparts were defended by Spanish soldiers.

“We were obliged,” he says, “to assail the town and enter it by force. With two hundred men we landed and broke in upon their bulwarks, and entered the town with a loss of only two men on our part. No hurt was done to the Spaniards, because, after they had discharged their first volley of shot, they all turned and fled. Thus having possession of the town, we obtained a secret trade; for the Spaniards resorted to us by night, and bought of us to the number of two hundred negroes.”

Having thus overcome the Spanish governor and his troops at Rio de la Hacha, Hawkins

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proceeded on his way. At Cartagena he met with a similar cold reception; but as the season was advancing, and he had already spent many weeks among the islands, and as, moreover, he had disposed of a large part of his cargoes of slaves, he thought it prudent not to attempt to take this town by force.

Already the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean sea were swept by frequent and terrific storms. The little squadron had been long at sea, and several of the vessels sadly needed repairs. Hawkins, therefore, resolved to gain a good shelter on the main coast as speedily as possible.

He first directed his course toward the peninsula of Florida. Skirting the western coast of Cuba, and animated by the hope of soon reaching a secure haven where the ships could be repaired and the crews rested and refreshed, the whole squadron was suddenly plunged into imminent peril.

A terrific hurricane and tempest, such as are frequent in midsummer in that region, overwhelmed the ships, and drove them hither and thither over the mountainous billows. For four days and four nights the storm raged with a fury such as Drake had never witnessed or imagined. Day and night, lashed to a mast, he remained on deck to give his orders, and to take on the instant

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every measure for the safety of his ship. The flagship, the "Jesus," fared the worst from the dreadful fury of the winds and waves. One after another the buildings on her deck were beaten down and swept away. Her rudder was broken in a furious gale; and suddenly she sprang so large and dangerous a leak that Hawkins was on the point of leaving her and trusting to the life-boats to take him and his crew safely to one of the other ships.

Toward the evening of the fourth day, however, the gale subsided; and presently the voyagers were filled with joy to see the clouds break away, and the waves decrease in size and violence. Hawkins observed with delight that all six of the ships were still safe and sound, and that they were soon able to join each other.

The Florida coast ere long appeared in sight; and before long the squadron was sailing along its level and sandy shores. But in vain did Hawkins search for a secure harbour. Everywhere the little bays and inlets were too shallow to admit the ships. The gallant captain kept up a stout heart, nor did his sailors murmur at their disappointment. Hawkins knew that his only resource was to cross the Gulf of Mexico and find a haven on the Mexican coast. No sooner had the squadron got well away from the mainland, than it once more had to submit to the fury of the winds. Another

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storm burst forth, equal in violence to that through which they had passed so short a time before. It lasted three days; but the skill of the sailors, and the hardy courage of their commanders, carried the vessels safely through its perils.

The trials of the voyagers were but begun. Events soon occurred which tried all their fortitude and valour. At the port of St John d'Ulloa, in Mexico, which they reached after a difficult voyage, they were destined to meet with more than one thrilling adventure.

CHAPTER III

A DESPERATE SEA-FIGHT

AS the little squadron was making for the Mexican coast, it encountered three small Spanish vessels, which carried about one hundred passengers. In those days, the right always lay with the strongest ; and so Hawkins did not hesitate to stop and board these ships, and transfer the passengers to his own vessels. They would serve as hostages, in case he had any trouble with the Spaniards on the Mexican coast ; and would enable him to demand provisions and a harbour.

Three days after this capture, the coast appeared in view ; and soon the squadron was entering the narrow channel which led to the port of St John d'Ulloa.

It was a miserable harbour, and the only safe anchorage was off a small, low, gravelly island in the bay. Even here, the only secure place for ships to be moored was narrow and confined, and did not offer more than enough room for Hawkins's squadron. So violent were the winds in that region

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that he was forced to put up as best he could with this inconvenient shelter.

The Spaniards in the town, which lay along the main shore just opposite the island, had no sooner perceived the squadron than they mistook it for a Spanish fleet, which they had long been daily expecting. The officers in the town, therefore, made all haste to go and welcome those whom they supposed to be their countrymen. Several boats speedily put out from the main shore, and sped toward the ships. When they came alongside the "Jesus," the officers were taken on board. On gaining the deck, they stared about them in amazement. They saw at once that the vessel was not a Spanish one, and that the men were foreigners, who spoke a strange tongue. Their swarthy faces were filled with alarm. They perceived that they had been greatly mistaken, and that they were completely in the power of an English crew.

They were, however, soon reassured. Hawkins addressed them in their own language, and told them that they had nothing to fear from him; that they might depart as they came, in safety; and that all he asked of them was a promise that his ships should be supplied with provisions from the town. This promise the Spaniards very promptly made, and were soon hastening back to the shore in their boats.

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The next day Hawkins and Drake boarded a number of Spanish ships which were anchored near the shore, and found that they had on board a large treasure in gold and silver. The Englishmen were sorely tempted to seize this; but prudence prevailed over cupidity. Hawkins took the precaution to seize two Spaniards of rank, and to dispatch them into the interior with a message for the Governor of Mexico. He sent him word that the English squadron had been forced to put in at St John d'Ulloa by stress of weather and want of food, and demanded that the Spaniards on the mainland should be permitted to sell him provisions, and to make the needed repairs on his ships.

But before he could receive a reply from the Governor a new peril confronted him. One morning, as he and Drake sat together on the main deck of the flag-ship talking over their situation, a cloud of sail appeared above the horizon on the east. The rising sun, glowing upon the sail, soon showed Hawkins the Spanish flag floating above the canvasses. One after another the big galleons hove into full sight, and with slow and stately movement bore directly down upon the harbour where the English squadron was anchored.

"There is the Spanish fleet," said the admiral

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to Drake. “There is serious work in store for us. What shall we do?”

“We must not let them pass,” returned Drake.

“If I let them go within the harbour,” said Hawkins, “they will be playing us some of their false Spanish tricks; and in such a position we could not cope with them. But if we hold them off in the Gulf, they will surely be shipwrecked; and then, perchance, Queen Bess could call us to heavy account.”

“Of the two dangers,” retorted Drake, “we must choose the less. Once we are in their power, our doom is sealed. If they pass we shall be surely ruined.”

“I will make a treaty with them,” said Hawkins. “If they will agree to my conditions, I will take the risk of letting them go within.”

A messenger was at once dispatched in a long-boat to the approaching fleet. He boarded the Spanish flag-ship, and seeking the admiral, gave him Hawkins’s message. The Spaniard received him with polite courtesy, and said that he would gladly accept fair conditions. Hawkins demanded that the people in the town should be allowed to sell him victuals, and to buy his merchandise; that the island where his ships were moored should remain undisputed in his possession, and that the eleven cannon on the island should be at his dis-

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posal for purposes of defence; that the Spanish admiral should send to the English flag-ship twelve gentlemen of rank as hostages and pledges of peace; and that no Spaniard should land upon the island bearing any kind of weapon. The conditions, after some hesitation, were accepted; except that the Spanish admiral sent only ten instead of twelve hostages to the English squadron.

Everything appearing to be thus amicably settled, the Spanish galleons floated toward the English ships. As they drew near, the trumpets were sounded in loud token of the friendly feeling on both sides; and when the Spanish flag-ship was passing the "Jesus," the two commanders, each standing erect on his own deck, and surrounded by his officers, gracefully saluted one another, waving their hats and bowing low, in token of their mutual respect. As they did so, the guns boomed in every direction, and the flags were run briskly up to the mast-heads.

It was necessary for the Spanish fleet to be moored off the same little island which afforded a haven to the English; and in order to make room for them, Hawkins's ships were huddled still closer together on one side, while the Spanish ships were similarly crowded on the other. For two or three days all went on as pleasantly as possible. The Spanish and English officers visited each other

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freely on the decks, and strolled together on the pebbly shore of the little island. Hawkins and the Spanish admiral made merry with each other over bounteous fare and rich wines in their cabins ; and it seemed as if nothing was likely to disturb these friendly relations.

But on the fourth day after the entrance of the Spanish fleet, Hawkins received intelligence which filled him with suspicion and alarm. He was told by his spies that, on the night before, a thousand men had been quietly taken on board the Spanish ships from the mainland ; that many strange movements had been observed in the fleet ; that the Spanish cannon had been turned and pointed toward the English, and that there was a great deal of bustling, and hurrying to and fro, between the fleet and the town on the mainland.

Hawkins at once made up his mind what to do. He sent a messenger to the Spanish flag-ship, to ask the admiral what all these unusual movements meant, and to declare that he relied implicitly upon the admiral's good faith. The admiral pretended to give prompt orders that the cannon should be turned away from the English squadron, and sent back word that no foul play toward Hawkins was intended.

But the sturdy Englishman refused to be satisfied with this response ; and forthwith sent back the

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master of his own ship, the “*Jesus*”—a man who could speak and understand Spanish—to ask the admiral if it were true that a thousand armed men had been brought on board the Spanish ships from the mainland.

Minutes and hours passed, and Hawkins awaited in vain the return of his messenger. He failed to reappear. It was evident that the faithful master was being detained against his will. It was now clear to Hawkins that the Spaniards meant to play him false. His suspicion was very soon confirmed.

As he stood upon deck, straining his eyes in the direction whence he expected his messenger to return, suddenly the blasts of the trumpets on board the Spanish galleons struck upon his ear. In another instant, one of the largest galleons, which was moored close by the English ship “*Minion*,” swung round, and poured a broadside into her.

It happened that at this moment a number of the English sailors were on the shore of the island. Not suspecting the sudden treachery of the Spaniards, Hawkins had not taken the precaution to order his men on board. The poor fellows, straggling along the sands, were assailed mercilessly by the Spanish cannon, and scattered in all directions, some fleeing away from the shore, and others plunging into the water so that, if possible,

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they might reach the shelter of the ships. Meanwhile many Spaniards landed on the island and pursued the English here and there with desperate impetuosity. In various places there were bloody hand-to-hand fights; but the Spaniards, being more numerous, and fully armed and prepared, soon overcame the resistance of their surprised enemies. Every Englishman who fell in their way was savagely slaughtered, and left writhing and dying upon the beach. A few of the English, who were good swimmers, succeeded in getting to the "Jesus," and scrambled on board.

The deck of the big galleon which had given the signal for the conflict by firing into the "Minion," was crowded with a force of not less than three hundred fierce and heavily-armed men. She continued her assault upon the English vessel, which fared hard in the unequal encounter. But the "Minion" gallantly defended herself from the onslaught of her huge foe, and maintained her ground valiantly. At last her crew were able to loosen her headfasts and to haul her away, and she escaped from the murderous fire of the galleon.

The latter now turned her attention to the "Jesus," Hawkins's flag-ship; at the same moment two other galleons bore down upon the "Jesus." Hawkins and his men were in a perilous

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strait. In numbers, they were no match for the perfidious Spaniards, nor were they as well off in arms, ammunition, and ordnance. They had two tasks to perform ; first, to defend the good ship from the combined attack of the three galleons, and, at the same time, to make a desperate attempt to loosen her moorings, so that she might escape from the shower of the Spanish shot.

The brave Hawkins stood on deck with uncovered head, waving his naked sword, and shouting his orders to his men in hoarse, stentorian tones. Now he turned to the plucky fellows who were answering, with grim persistency, the Spanish fire ; now he cried out to the sailors who were tugging away to set free the ship from the island. At last the latter were successful ; the moorings yielded, and the flag-ship swung out from her close proximity to her assailants, and found herself floating in the channel alongside the “Minion,” in a far better position to cope with the great galleons which still pursued her.

It was not long before both fleets were engaged in the furious fray. The fight waxed hot and close. The air was heavy with up-rolling clouds of smoke, and the din of battle was terrible to hear. The noise of masts falling with a crash into the water, of cannon-balls crunching through hulk and gunwale, the cries of the wounded,

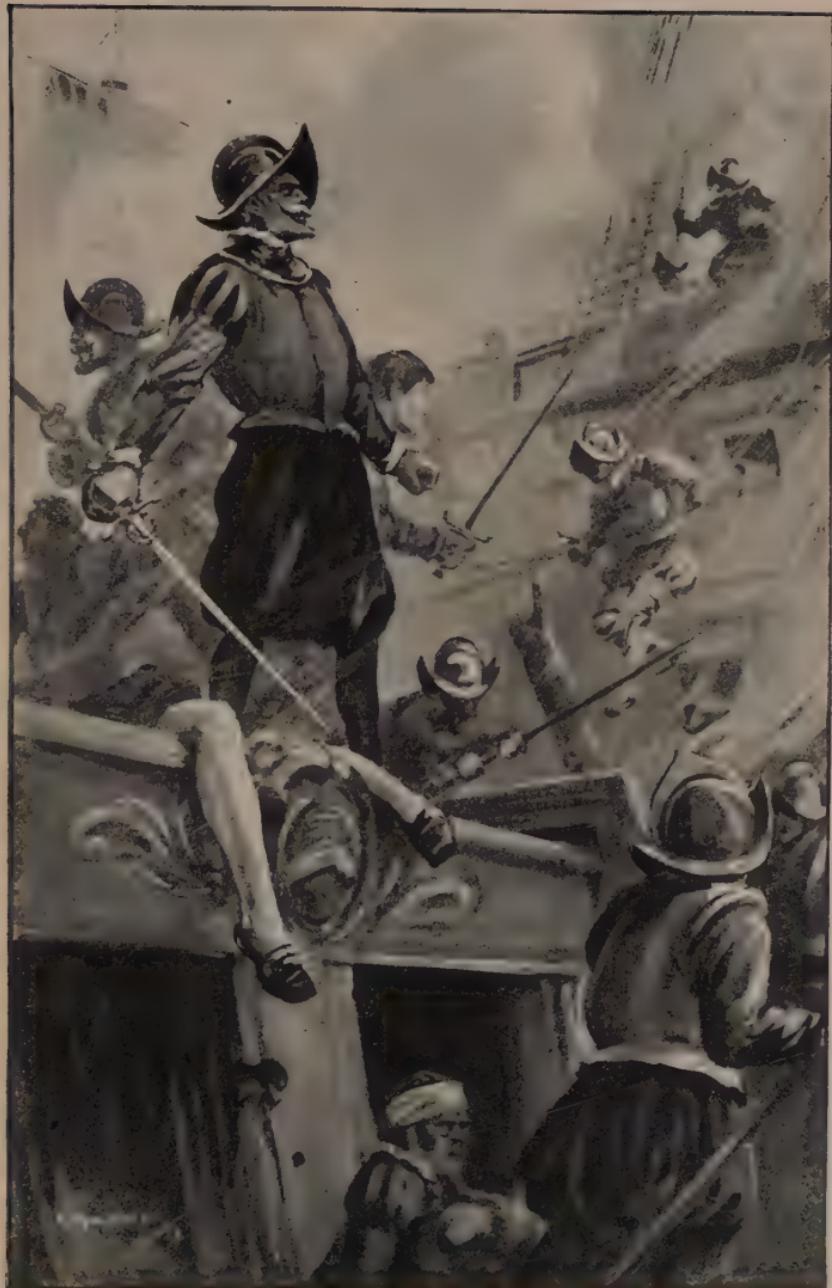
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and hoarse shouts of the officers, the lunging and plunging of the ships, filled the scene with dreadful echoes.

Soon Drake, with the “*Judith*,” was in the midst of the conflict. Standing with grim features and dauntless bearing on the deck, his blood boiled with the rage of the onset. It was the first desperate sea-fight in which he had ever taken part; and his bold spirit exulted in the turmoil and danger and excitement of the *mélée*. Once a Spanish ship approached so close to the “*Judith*” that Drake, reaching across the narrow interval, dealt so terrific a blow at a Spanish officer with his long sword, that the assaulted man fell whirling into the water, and sank, leaving a bloody streak upon the waves, to rise no more.

For an hour or more, each ship, Spanish and English, heroically stood its ground, and refused to give way to the assaults of its antagonists. Then the Spanish flag-ship was seen to whirl and shiver, and with a mighty creak settle beneath the waves. A great shout went up from the Englishmen, and Hawkins began to hope for victory after all. Then another Spanish galleon plunged her bow into the waves and disappeared, while the men who had manned her were seen struggling in the water.

But these calamities only incited the fierce



BOTH FLEETS WERE ENGAGED IN THE FURIOUS FRAY



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Spanish warriors to still more desperate valour. Hawkins's ship, the "Jesus," was terribly riddled. Her masts and yards were cut away, and swung off into the sea; and presently, so disabled did she become, that her commander and his men were forced to abandon her to her fate, and seek refuge on the other vessels. The loss of the "Jesus" was presently followed by the sinking of one or two of the other English vessels.

Hawkins had gone on board the "Minion," the stout little ship which had borne the brunt of the first sudden onset of the Spaniards. He succeeded, even in the midst of the battle, in transferring to her the provisions and ammunition of the deserted "Jesus." Then the "Jesus" was swung round between the "Minion" and the island, so as to receive the shot from a battery which the Spaniards had planted close to the shore, and from which they were pouring quickly-succeeding volleys into the sides of the "Minion." Thus was the "Minion" sheltered and saved.

Fire was soon added to the other terrors of the thrilling scene. Suddenly a lurid glare shed itself over the ships and the water. A huge Spanish galleon was burning from end to end; and the men on board her were dropping fast and thick into the water. The Spaniards retaliated by setting fire to two of the larger English ships,

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which speedily became a glowing, roaring mass of flame. So near were these burning ships to the “Minion,” that her men were terribly alarmed lest she too should catch fire. In spite of Hawkins’s remonstrances, they weighed anchor, and having set her sails, withdrew her from the scene of devastation.

Drake too saw that all was lost. Both sides had been terribly punished; but the Spaniards, by reason of their numbers, arms, and the sudden treachery of their attack, had proved too much for the English. As far as he could see, Drake could not discern any English craft, except the “Minion,” which he perceived hurriedly sailing away, and his own vessel, the “Judith.” To cope alone with the still ferocious and undismayed Spaniards, would have been an act of the sheerest folly. It might be that it was too late even to escape. But, with sorrowful heart, he ordered his men to cease fighting, and to get away, if possible, under cover of the now deepening twilight. It grieved his sturdy soul that in his first fight he had suffered the humiliation of defeat; and this event only planted in his heart an undying hatred of the Spaniard, and a fierce resolve to revenge himself some day on England’s perfidious foe. We shall see how effectually he afterward kept this promise made to himself.

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Darkness soon enveloped the scene of the bloody conflict, and under its dense obscurity the "Judith" slipped away into the open sea. Drake hoped to rejoin Hawkins and the "Minion" in the morning. As soon as he had got to a safe distance from the Spaniards, he cast anchor, and lay by all night. Fortunately the sea was calm and the wind gentle, or, so disabled was his little vessel, he might have been wrecked.

By dawn the stout-hearted captain was on deck, looking in every direction for the "Minion." But she was nowhere to be seen. The situation was full of peril. If Drake remained in his present position near the island, he might well fear that the Spaniards would perceive the "Judith," and would make short work of capturing her, and of taking himself and his companions prisoners. If, on the other hand, he sailed away, he must entirely give up all hope of rejoining the "Minion." Of these dangers he soon made up his mind to choose the lesser. Even if he stayed where he was, it was doubtful whether he would be able to find Hawkins's ship, and he decided that his only course was to make his way, as best he could, out of the gulf, and across the Atlantic.

So it was that the only two remaining ships of the adventurous little squadron which had sailed so cheerily out of Plymouth Harbour returned

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homeward separately, neither knowing, until the familiar shores of England were reached, whether or not the other had survived the perils of the great deep. Their fortunes on the Atlantic were very different. Hawkins's homeward voyage was full of suffering and perils, which at times drove his men almost to despair. The "Minion" was badly damaged by the battle. "She was so sore beaten with shot from our enemies," says Hawkins, "and bruised with shooting off our own cannon, that our weary and weak arms were scarce able to defend and keep out water. But all things happened adversely to us; for we found neither people, victual, nor haven of relief." For three days the distressed little ship was assailed by a furious tempest, "so that every hour we looked for shipwreck." Many of the men died from hunger and sickness, and at last there were scarcely enough left to serve the ship on her voyage. But Hawkins was finally rejoiced, after all his calamities, to see the well-known coast of Cornwall. On 20th January, 1569, the "Minion" safely anchored in Mount's Bay.

Drake had a far quicker and more prosperous homeward voyage. He had already arrived, having lost but few men and undergone but few hardships, when Hawkins landed on the Cornish coast.

CHAPTER IV

DRAKE IN MEXICO

FRANCIS DRAKE was a man of stern, stubborn, and resolute character. He had a spirit which quailed before no obstacle, and which no defeat could subdue. Neither the tempests of the ocean nor the overwhelming assaults of an enemy could dismay him. Disaster only spurred him to greater vigour and more sturdy effort. He was truly of the metal of which heroes and rulers of men are made.

His voyage with Hawkins had been a great misfortune to him in more than one respect. Not only had he undergone the many hardships incident to so long and dangerous an expedition, and suffered the agony of seeing the gallant little squadron overcome and scattered by a perfidious foe, and of being forced to fly in presence of a superior force, but he had lost nearly everything he possessed in the world. What fortune he had left after providing for the declining years of his aged parents had been invested in Hawkins's enterprise. All

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this had now been swept away. On his arrival in England Drake found himself a very poor man, apparently with no future before him, and with no means of resuming his maritime career.

But this outlook did not discourage him. He took his loss with stoical calmness, and presented a bold and resolute face to the future. His first step was to try to recover from the Government of Spain the value of the property he had lost. By this time, however, the long smouldering hostility between England and Spain was bursting into flame. Their rivalry on the high seas had become each year more bitter, and an informal warfare was continually going on, in which the ships of the two nations preyed upon each other, and deemed it no wrong to seize and carry off as plunder each other's cargoes.

Drake's hatred of Spain and the Spaniards, aroused by the terrible disaster of St John d'Ulloa, in which the Spaniards had played so treacherous a part, was yet further inflamed by their refusal to restore any portion of the property he had lost by their perfidy. He was resolved in one way or another to assert what he thought to be his rights, and to avenge what he considered his grievous wrongs.

His first step, strangely enough, was to repair to a certain clergyman, in whom he had great con-

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fidence, and whose counsel he had more than once sought in matters of difficulty. He told him the story of his misfortunes, and dwelt on the haughty refusal of Spain to grant him any redress.

"Now," said Drake, as he finished, "what can I lawfully do to assert my rights?"

The pious man was stirred by the hardy seaman's earnest recital; and, clergyman though he was, responded promptly:

"Without a doubt, you may recover from the King of Spain, and repair your losses upon him wherever you can."

This was equal to saying that Drake would be justified in going to sea, capturing Spanish ships wherever he could find them, and seizing and holding their treasures.

Drake's adventures had now become well known, not only in the sea-faring neighbourhood of Plymouth, but throughout England. The treachery of the Spaniards in Mexico, and the defeat of Hawkins's squadron, created much excitement at the court of Queen Elizabeth, and everywhere aroused the indignation of the English. When, therefore, Drake announced his firm purpose of pursuing the enemy, and of avenging the perfidy of Spain, he found himself surrounded by a host of earnest friends and sympathizers. He went to London, where, although he was not

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received by the Queen, he consulted with the leading statesmen and admirals of the day. It was ere long evident to him that, poor though he was, he would have but little difficulty in following up the schemes which absorbed his mind. Offers of assistance were made to him on every hand, and crowds of ambitious and adventurous youths flocked to him, begging to be taken into his service. There were many, too, who, recognizing in Drake a man of indomitable spirit and courage, were led to offer their aid in the hope of sharing the plunder he seemed certain to obtain.

Thus encouraged, Drake quietly and carefully laid his plans. He did not mean to be in a hurry, for he would not risk anything by being in feverish haste to complete his vengeance. His first step was to prepare a small expedition, not to assail the Spaniards, but to familiarize himself with the American waters and coast, and gain such knowledge and experience as would enable him, when ready, to attack them with effect. With this purpose in view, in the year following his return from Mexico he sailed with two small ships, the "Dragon" and the "Swan." The transit across the Atlantic was safely and speedily made. Drake had now become a most skilful mariner, and well understood the science of managing a ship. He had carefully observed the peculiar features of the

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ocean route, and had that natural tact in ruling men which gave him absolute mastery over the crews he commanded.

Several months were spent in cautiously cruising among the islands of the Spanish Main, and skirting the coast of South America. Drake kept shrewdly out of the way of the large Spanish settlements; and if he saw a Spanish fleet, made haste to hide his little ships in sheltered inlets, or to disappear amid the vastness of the deep. All the time he was taking most careful note of the features of the regions he traversed, observing the weak places of Spanish defence, and marking on his charts the harbours which opened along the coast as a refuge for tempest-tossed squadrons.

But he did not neglect to seize such advantages as chance offered him. When he caught a Spanish ship in a position where he could attack her, he did so with all his might. In every encounter he came off victorious. He did not hesitate to board his captives, and to search for such treasures as they contained; and thus his two little vessels were ere long laden with valuable spoils. Sometimes he found gold and silver, but more often the rare and expensive products of remote regions, which he had only to take to England to sell at high prices. Happily, he escaped every attempt

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of the Spanish to seize his ships; and returned home safely within a year after he had sailed.

Exulting in the success of this expedition, and now amply supplied with funds for his future operations, Drake did not rest after returning to his native England. The story of his adventures and gains rapidly spread, and he found the number and the ardour of his friends ever increasing. Within a few months he had made ready for a second voyage of observation, for in his first he had been forced to leave unexplored some regions with which he desired to be familiar. This time he set sail with but a single small vessel, the "Swan," the same in which he had sailed before. His second voyage was as prosperous as the first. Having reconnoitred those parts in the American waters which he had missed before, he returned home with more booty, taken from the luckless Spanish galleons which had come in his way.

By this time his fame had spread throughout England, and equalled that of the dauntless Hawkins himself. He was in high favour at the royal court, where his deeds were all the more warmly applauded because they were directed against the hated Spaniard. He had plenty of money, and could choose his crew from among the bravest and most skilful seamen in the land. He now aimed at nothing less than the capture of the

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possessions of the King of Spain in the American waters. While Queen Elizabeth could not outwardly countenance this hardy and ambitious design—for she was not at open war with King Philip—Drake knew that he would carry with him the sympathy and good wishes of the sovereign and her courtiers.

Drake did not let the grass grow under his feet. He did not waste any time on the pleasures and pastimes of the day, nor give himself up to the indolent luxuries which his ample funds might now command. Within a year after his return from his second voyage of observation, he had completed his preparations for a more daring venture.

It is an astonishing fact that this bold buccaneer, on setting forth to capture towns and colonies, and very likely to engage formidable fleets, confined his operations to two small vessels, and to what seems an insignificant force of men. Drake always seemed to prefer small vessels to large ones; and now he armed and provisioned only two barques, the “Pacha” and the “Swan.” The “Pacha” was of seventy tons burden, and this vessel Drake himself commanded. The “Swan,” in which Drake had already twice crossed the ocean, was even smaller; it was of only twenty-five tons. The command of the “Swan” was confided by Drake to his younger brother, John, who had

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grown to be a sturdy mariner like himself, and shared many of his own stalwart qualities.

These little barques, when, in the early spring of 1572, they at last set forth, carried only seventy-three men and boys, besides the two captains. Later, however, Drake picked up additions to his force from the vessels he met in the various islands, so that at one time he had under command nearly or quite two hundred men. Both vessels carried enough provisions to last for a year. A large quantity of ammunition was stored in their holds, and each was supplied with several small cannon.

It was on a rather raw March morning that the little expedition spread sails and glided out of Plymouth Harbour. Drake did not feel easy until he saw the coast of England receding, and at last forming but a filmy line in the horizon; for he had feared that, though the sympathies of all were with him, the timid scruples of the men in power might interfere to stop him. He breathed more freely when he found his barques ploughing the Atlantic, and devoted all his thoughts to the thrilling adventures which surely lay before him.

The voyage across the Atlantic was prosperous, and, for those days, rapid. No untoward incident checked the progress of the modest little squadron. About the middle of July, the Gulf of Mexico

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had been entered and traversed, and the Central American coast appeared in view.

Drake knew well what he was about. On the coast, not far from where he was now putting in, lay a small, straggling settlement called Nombre de Dios. Small as this was, it was an important point to Spanish commerce, as the calling-place, or way-station, between the riches of Peru and the Indies, and their destination in Europe. Here the great galleons, coming in from the remote lands which Spanish valour and enterprise had subdued, laden with spices, silks, gems, and the precious metals, rested on their course to the old world, and in the small warehouses of Nombre de Dios were often stored away precious cargoes worth many fortunes.

It was Drake's purpose to capture Nombre de Dios, seize upon its treasures, and thus to deal at once a severe blow to Spain and to enrich himself and his comrades. He therefore put in at the harbour of Point Pleasant, not far from the object of his intended attack. The "Pacha" and "Swan" were quietly moored here, and Drake prepared for active operations. It happened very luckily that, just as he was on the eve of setting forth to the assault on Nombre de Dios, he espied one morning a large sail making for the harbour, and was soon able to descry the royal ensign of

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England at its mast-head. The ship drew alongside his own vessel, and proved to be an English trader.

It did not take Drake long to persuade her master to join him, for he was excited by the prospect of large gains. His men, of whom there were about forty, heard of Drake's proposition with delight and impatience.

Toward dusk the following evening, the three vessels set forth on their expedition. The sea was as smooth as glass. The air was still and hot. The darkness which soon screened the buccaneers was intense. Under its cover, Drake could reckon on approaching near to the point of attack without fear of discovery. He made up his mind that he would creep along the shore with his vessels, get as near as possible to Nombre de Dios, and then lie by till morning. With the break of dawn he would deliver his assault. But he was forced to abandon this plan on account of the fears and impatience of his men. They were full of alarm at the idea of attacking, in broad daylight, a place which they believed to be stoutly fortified, and to contain a much more numerous force than that which now invaded it. The rise of the moon, clear and brilliant in an unclouded sky, put an end to these fears and to Drake's hesitation. The moon's light would be ample to guide the attack. Accord-

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ingly Drake, who could discern the settlement lying in slumber along the shore, and unconscious of the fate which threatened it, ordered his men to their oars, and disposed everything for action.

The assailing force consisted of about one hundred and fifty men. With these, Drake first captured, without a struggle, a small fort on a jutting point of land, which served to cover and protect the town. Leaving in the fort a sufficient number of men to hold it, he effected a landing with the rest on one of the quays before the inhabitants had been aroused to their danger. But in another moment the alarm had been given, and the streets were in a state of great commotion. Shouts rent the air in every direction; men were seen hurrying in and out of the houses; figures in outline under the moonlight glided swiftly hither and thither. Presently the church bell began to clang forth its dismal warning, and in the places where the few Spanish troops were quartered, drums were frantically beaten.

Drake saw that no time was to be lost. Forming his men into close columns, he gave the order that they should follow his lead as cautiously and silently as possible, and himself advanced at their head toward the little open square which served the town as a market place. Their progress to this point was unresisted. The inhabitants seemed

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bewildered, not at first understanding what all the hubbub meant.

When the assailants found themselves in the market-place, Drake, standing in their midst, suddenly raised his sword. Then the guns were fired, and the shrill trumpets gave a loud and prolonged blast. Immediately these were answered by the trumpets in the fort. The Spaniards had now rallied in a small group, and directed a deadly volley from behind the houses upon the party in the market square. To this Drake quickly responded by ordering his archers, of whom he had a little company, to direct their bows upon the enemy. A shower of arrows scattered the Spaniards right and left. At this instant, Drake himself was severely wounded in the leg. Instantly recovering himself, though tortured with violent pain, he concealed his wound from those near him, and with grim self-control continued giving his orders and inciting his men to combat.

The market-place was now completely in the possession of the English, who could not see any Spaniards on either hand. Drake, therefore, marched out of the square, and along the principal street. A stray shot from one of the houses killed the trumpeter. The blasts of the trumpet had been decided upon as a signal to the Englishmen left in the fort that all went well in the town. When,

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therefore, they no longer heard the signal, they were seized with a panic; and, believing that Drake and his followers had come to grief, fled in all haste to the ships. The fort was thus completely deserted.

Meanwhile Drake advanced boldly through the town. He did not so much as limp, though his wound tortured him almost beyond endurance at every step. Seeing one of the inhabitants who, just roused from sleep and only half awake, was creeping, with dazed face, out of his house, Drake strode up and seized him by the collar. With a stern threat, he ordered the astonished Spaniard to show him the way to the governor's house, which the prisoner, in his fright, readily consented to do. The governor's house was a larger and better building than those which surrounded it.

On entering, Drake hurriedly passed from room to room, until he came to one in which was a sight that made his eyes glisten. There on the floor were piled a great number of solid, heavy silver bars. His men exclaimed with delight. Here seemed to be treasure enough to make every man of them rich. But one of the more sober and sedate of Drake's followers, after a pause, said :

“ But how can we take these heavy bars to the ships? ”

“ Nay,” returned Drake, turning away with a

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sigh of regret, “ we must not touch a single bar. But come, my men, I will lead you to the royal treasury, where there are stored gold and gems. They may be carried more easily than these great bars of silver. Besides, the treasury is close to the shore, and therefore to the ships.”

This promise reconciled the men to leaving the treasure which glistened so temptingly at their feet, and they submissively followed their leader out of the house.

The captive Spaniard was once more brought into service ; and Drake, in a rough voice, ordered him to conduct them to the king’s treasure-house. After traversing once more the main street, and descending, unmolested, to a tall, gloomy-looking building near the quays, the Englishmen eagerly rushed forward to the gates. But here an unforeseen obstacle checked their entrance. The gates were locked and bolted. Every man uttered a cry of rage and dismay.

CHAPTER V

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DRake had hoped to take the town and to capture his plunder by surprise. Unfortunately, he had not known where to strike first; and now perceived, too late, that his first assault should have been directed upon the king's treasury, instead of the governor's house. The Spanish soldiers were more numerous than his own little force; they were also better armed; and they had now concentrated themselves in the treasure-house, resolved to defend it to the last.

But Drake was equally set upon accomplishing his object, and quickly resolved not to abandon the treasure-house without a struggle.

“My men!” he cried, as his company stood in close array opposite the bolted gate, “I have brought you to the mouth of the treasure-house of the world. If ye gain not the treasure, none but yourselves are to be blamed.”

“We will gain it!” replied the men, with angry voices.

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"Courage, then!" retorted their commander, grasping his sword, and waving it aloft. "For if so bright an opportunity setteth, it seldom riseth again!"

With this, Drake advanced to the gate and boldly examined it. He shook the iron bars again and again, but the huge portal did not yield to his efforts. His exertions were too much for him. A deathly pallor spread over his bronzed features; his head swam, and his body swayed a moment to and fro. Then, with a sudden lurch, he fell heavily to the ground.

His faithful soldiers were filled with alarm on seeing their captain thus overcome. Several of them hastened to him, and on lifting his head, at first cried out that he was no more. But it soon appeared that he had fainted from pain and loss of blood. For the first time they discovered the gaping wound in his leg, from which the blood trickled slowly through the rent in his breeches. He was frightfully pale, and had evidently lost a great deal of blood; and his men bent anxiously over him, fearful lest he should die from exhaustion. Then one of them tenderly bound up the wound, tearing off a portion of his scarf for the purpose.

Drake presently revived, and for a moment looked about him with bewildered gaze. Then, recollecting where he was, he turned sadly to his

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men, and said that the attack upon the treasure-house must be given up. Resting on the shoulders of two of his comrades, he slowly and painfully limped down to the quay, which was fortunately near by. Meanwhile, several of the men had run for the small boats, which speedily drew up where Drake was waiting. With gloomy faces and muttered imprecations against the Spaniards, the adventurers slowly boarded the boats. Drake was laid carefully in one of them, and in this recumbent position gave his orders.

The boats were first directed to the little fort which Drake had captured and garrisoned before attacking the town. On reaching it several of the men entered, expecting to find their companions. Much to their amazement and alarm, they found it quite deserted. The rooms were solitary, and no footstep could be heard in any direction. The men now saw that their fellow-soldiers had left the fort, and that they had fled for safety to the ships.

When Drake heard what had happened, he knew that there was no time to be lost, for the Spaniards, perceiving the fort to be unoccupied, might at any moment put out from the quays and assail the boats. Drake accordingly ordered that the boats should make with all speed for the ships, where the men who had been in the fort were found safe and sound.

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Drake's dauntless spirit did not permit him to rest after the failure to capture the treasures of Nombre de Dios. In spite of his wound, which still pained him, he began to consult with his officers what step to take next. It was resolved that the expedition should not yet be ended, but that another attack should be made, with as little delay as possible, upon the rich station of Cartagena, further along the coast. But this project was destined to meet with no better success than the first. As the two ships were entering the mouth of the harbour of Cartagena, they encountered a large English frigate. Drake managed to communicate with this vessel, and learned with dismay from one of its officers that a Spanish pinnace had shortly before gone into port, carrying the news of his approach to the inhabitants of the town. He had hoped to take the place by surprise, but looking in the direction of the town, he saw that the fortress which frowned protectingly above it was manned, and that the Spanish ships were marshalled in hostile array in front of the quays.

Drake could not hope to attack this armament successfully, and so gave up his design to attempt the capture of Cartagena. He therefore turned the prows of his ships seaward again. As they were sailing away, they encountered a large

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Spanish ship coming in. The English at once assailed her with such fury that after a short conflict she surrendered to Drake at discretion. On the way out, two smaller Spanish vessels were in like manner captured.

At a safe distance from shore Drake cast anchor, and considered what course he should take next. The big Spanish ship was much stronger and more seaworthy than his own little vessel, the "Swan," while his company was smaller than when he had begun operations. So he resolved to burn the "Swan," and to make use of the Spanish ship. Torches were set to the little vessel, and presently the flames shot up in the air, and illumined the scene around.

A secure haven for the two vessels, the "Pacha" and the Spanish ship, was speedily found at an island which lay near that part of the coast, but a short distance from the land. Some of Drake's men had begun to murmur at their discomforts and privations, and to urge him to return home to England. But he soon formed a plan which subdued their discontent, by once more strongly appealing to their adventurous instincts.

His study of the coast and of the operations of the Spaniards, with the knowledge he had picked up from English sailors and prisoners, had made him familiar with the fact that the treasures from

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Peru were often carried overland across the Isthmus of Darien, from one ocean to the other. Long trains of mules, laden with the spoils taken from the dethroned Incas and their subjects, were in the habit of traversing the hot and difficult route between Panama and Nombre de Dios. These trains were often guarded by a small party of Spaniards, who, with their fire-arms, had little to fear from the native Mexicans, and who did not look in that remote region for any European foes.

To attack these mule trains, to seize the treasures which they bore across the country, and to sail home with the precious cargo, now formed Drake's bold design.

In preparing for this venture, he did not neglect to acquire one advantage which he knew to be essential to his success. This was, to secure the alliance and aid of some Indian tribe on the mainland. He accordingly sent two picked men on shore to reconnoitre, and if possible to enter into friendly relations with the natives. These scouts were entirely successful in their errand. After wandering about a little while, they met some Indians belonging to a tribe who lived a short distance in the interior, and who were inveterate enemies of the Spaniards. At first they were shy, not recognizing the scouts as Englishmen, but when they found out who they were, they soon

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became confident and communicative. The scouts were conducted to the chief of the tribe, and found him only too eager to join in any undertaking directed against his Spanish foes. He treated the scouts with cordial hospitality, gave them provisions, and sent them away with the message that seventeen hundred Indians were at Drake's disposal.

This was better fortune than Drake had dared to expect. His wound had now nearly healed; and so delighted was he at the news brought by the scouts that he resolved to go on shore himself and see the friendly chief. He found that the tribe was that of the Symerons, and that they had suffered many barbarous cruelties at the hands of the Spaniards. Some had been made slaves, but had escaped from their clutches. Drake was welcomed as a friend, almost as a deliverer. It did not take long for him and the chief of the Symerons to perfect a plan for advancing into the interior of the Isthmus and attacking the mule trains.

The expedition consisted of about one hundred Englishmen and three or four hundred Indians. For several days they marched through the country without meeting any caravan. At last a train appeared in sight. Drake prepared to surprise it by lying in ambush; but something gave

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warning to the conductors of the trains, who suddenly turned their mules obliquely into the woods, and, whipping them savagely, got them safely away.

The adventurers passed on their march, full of rage at this disappointment, but their spirits soon revived again. One morning, the company slowly ascended a lofty hill. Its sides were covered with the luxuriant foliage of the tropics; its ascents were often steep, and at times almost impossible to scramble up. Nearer the summit loomed a forest of huge trees, and the advance beneath these proved easy and pleasant. The faithful Indians, familiar with the tortuous paths, led the way, and on reaching the top gave a great shout. This was to encourage the Englishmen, who, reeking with perspiration, were toiling up the spur of the hill.

“On the twelfth day,” relates one of Drake’s companions in this expedition, “we came to the height of the desired hill (lying east and west, like a ridge between the two seas) about ten o’clock; when the chiefest of the Symerons took our captain (Drake) by the hand, and prayed him to follow him. Here was that goodly and great high tree in which they had cut and made divers steps to ascend to the top; where they had made a convenient bower or arbour wherein ten or twelve men might easily sit. And from thence we beheld

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the Atlantic Ocean, from whence we came, and the South Atlantic so much desired. South and north of this tree they had felled certain trees, that the prospect might be the clearer. After our captain had ascended this bower with the chief Symeron, and having (as it pleased God at this time by reason of the breeze) a very fair day ; and after he had seen that sea of which he had heard such golden reports, he besought of Almighty God in his goodness, to give him life and heart to sail once in an English ship in that sea ; and then, calling up all the rest of our men, he acquainted John Oxnam especially with this his petition and purpose, if it should please God to grant him that happiness.” Thus Drake’s eyes beheld, for the first time, in the dim distance, the smooth and sunny waters of the Pacific, as Balboa had done many years before.

This view of the Pacific excited Drake to an exalted pitch of enthusiasm and ambition. He felt that he should know no rest till he had explored that vast and mysterious expanse ; until the pennons of the Maiden Queen floated above those billows, on whose surface the arms of Spain and Portugal had hitherto alone been reflected. He gazed long and with flushed cheeks over the waves glittering in the meridian sun, and lingered for several hours in the arbour at the top of the giant tree. Then,

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expressing as best he could his gratitude to the friendly chief who had conducted him thither, he slowly descended, followed by his men.

As he trudged along at the head of his adventurous company, with his brother, John Drake, at his side, the captain talked excitedly about the project of a Pacific expedition, which was already forming itself in his active brain. Schemes of adventure and conquest, of acquiring wealth untold, of attaining unheard-of glories for England, and of humiliating proud Spain in the dust, fired his fancy, and gave buoyancy to every step.

Not long after this thrilling glimpse of the Pacific, the Indian chief told Drake that they were almost in sight of Panama. Drake's thoughts at once reverted to the capture of the mule caravans, and his approach to the principal Spanish port on the Pacific side of the isthmus warned him that he must now proceed with great prudence. Halt ing, therefore, in a thick grove a mile or two from Panama, he asked the chief to send forward some of his Indians to reconnoitre, and find out what was going forward. Three of the Indians therefore disguised themselves in the attire of a tribe which was known to be friendly to the Spaniards, and advanced boldly to the fortifications. They were admitted into Panama without difficulty, and lost

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no time in fulfilling their errand. Prowling about the streets, and talking with the Indians they chanced upon, they discovered something which caused them to hasten back with all speed.

Running into Drake's camp, they told him that a fine chance for plunder would offer itself that very evening. The treasurer of Lima, the capital of Peru, was on the point of setting out for Nombre de Dios. With him were to go nine mules, laden with a precious burden of gold and jewels. Drake was rejoiced at this news, and at once summoning his men, apprised them of the stroke of good luck in store for them. As he began to reflect more coolly, he made a deliberate scheme of attack. He formed his force into two companies, and marched back with them several miles on the road to Nombre de Dios, over which they had just come. In a short time they reached a plain which, while bordered and screened by dense woods, was covered with very high, waving grass. Here he took his stand, sending scouts back to watch for the approach of the expected mule-train. Less than an hour had passed when they returned, and told him that the train was in sight at some distance away on the road.

Drake at once ordered his men to lie in rows, flat on their stomachs, in the high grass. Presently the tinkling of bells apprised him that the mules

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were very near. Raising his head above the grass to see them, he discovered, to his surprise, that not only was the treasurer's mule-train in plain sight, but that another mule-train, coming in the opposite direction, and going toward Panama, was also in view. For a moment he was sadly perplexed. The second mule-train passed in front of the ambuscade first, and Drake whispered to his men not to molest it. This having gone on in safety, the treasurer's mules were advancing straight into the trap set for them, when an incident occurred which threw Drake's design into complete confusion. One of his men had spent his time in the grass drinking, and, having become grossly intoxicated, jumped up and waved his arms just at the critical moment. The treasurer's train was preceded by a small cavalcade, who acted as its guard. The foremost of the horsemen perceived the drunken man, and at once guessed why he was there. He instantly whirled his horse round and gave the treasurer warning of his danger. The mule-train was quickly turned the other way, its rear being protected by the cavalcade, and, before Drake could rally his force and make an attack, the fugitives were in full flight on the road back to Panama. Drake's rage and mortification may be imagined. He ordered the drunken man to be seized and soundly whipped,

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and with gloomy face prepared to return in despair to Nombre de Dios.

An unexpected stroke of good fortune, however, awaited him. As the company was getting ready to resume its march, a tinkling of bells in the distance struck upon the captain's ear. Once more he ordered the men to lie low in the grass; and, straining his eyes in the direction whence the tinkling proceeded, saw with joy that another mule-train was approaching from the direction of Panama. It had evidently not encountered the treasurer's caravan; for it advanced boldly, as if suspecting nothing. When the train had reached the spot where Drake and his comrades were concealed, the latter suddenly pounced upon it, and in ten minutes had captured the entire escort.

The mules were quickly stripped of their burdens, and the heavy bags were greedily torn open. They proved to contain a considerable treasure of gold and gems; and now the disappointment of the English was turned into uproarious rejoicing. They danced about the mules, and embraced each other, and shouted till their rough voices echoed again. The spoils were, indeed, so heavy, that Drake and his men could not carry them all away. Loading themselves with as much as they could take with them, they caused the Indians to dig a deep pit, and in this

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the remaining treasure was buried. A cross was put up to mark the spot, so that the men might afterward return and bring it to the ships.

Drake now ordered an immediate retreat to the east coast, and, burdened with their spoils, the company made what haste they could back to the ships,

No sooner had the coast been reached than Drake despatched a party of men to obtain the buried treasure. On arriving at the pit, they found, to their amazement, that it had been dug out, and that the booty had disappeared. An Indian who chanced to see them told them that one of the Englishmen had loitered behind, in order to get some of the treasure and conceal it on his own account. He had been captured by the Spaniards, and put to the torture, whereupon he had confessed to them where the treasure was hidden. The Spaniards then went to the pit and took it away. The party returned crestfallen, and told their news to Drake, who in a rage ordered that if the treacherous Englishman should again make his appearance, he should be executed on the spot.

CHAPTER VI

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WHILE awaiting the men who had gone to recover the buried treasure, Drake had not been idle. With his mind bent on plunder—for it must be confessed that this bold buccaneer, following the custom and morals of his time, was no better than a robber on a large scale—he cast about for some tempting point of attack. The Indians told him of a town on the coast, Vera Cruz, which, like Nombre de Dios, was a way station for the stowing of goods and the convenience of travellers. Here he might hope to obtain booty, and replenish his nearly exhausted stores of provisions.

He accordingly set forth one morning with the force still remaining to him, and advanced upon Vera Cruz. He at once attacked the town, which proved to be but feebly defended, and, upon entering its irregular and scantily built streets, he and his men eagerly searched for valuable objects. To their intense disappointment, they found neither

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gold, silver, nor jewels, but only ordinary bales and boxes of merchandise, too bulky for them to hope to carry away. In their anger, the Englishmen killed six or seven of the merchants, who tried in vain to escape them. The only booty of use to them which they could seize was a supply of victuals, and after having wantonly destroyed a large portion of the goods stowed in the town, they marched away again.

Despite all this cruel, relentless robbery, Drake sometimes showed that he could be generous and large-hearted. The friendly Indians, the Symemons, entertained him with profuse generosity on his return to the east coast. The chief was delighted to find in him so sturdy a foe to the perfidious Spaniards, and was grateful for the fairness with which Drake had from first to last treated his tribe.

This chief had often admired the long and beautifully ornamented cutlass which Drake always wore in his belt, and many times expressed, in his peculiar way, his longing to possess it. One day Drake entered the chief's tent and gave him the cutlass, telling him that he might keep it. The Indian was beside himself with joy. He leaped up and down, with many grimaces, and, holding the cutlass in his hand, ran from one tent to another, displaying it to his Indian subjects.

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Then he fastened it at his waist, and strutted up and down as if he were the proudest man in the world. His gratitude soon betrayed itself in a more substantial way. He ordered his Indians to take four heavy wedges of solid gold, and deposit them at Drake's feet. The gold would have bought the cutlass several hundred times over, and Drake was as pleased with his present as the chief had been with the weapon. But he showed himself too generous to keep the gold himself, as he might have done. He ordered that its value should be added to the common stock, and divided among his faithful comrades.

"I think it but just," said he, "that such as have borne the charge of so uncertain a voyage for my credit should have the utmost advantage that the voyage produces."

The return of the men from the pit where the treasure had been hid, and whence it had been taken from the Spaniards, decided Drake to take to his ships, and to return homeward.

He therefore broke up his camp, and marched along the shore until he came opposite the island where he had left the ships. To his amazement, they were nowhere to be seen. What could have become of them? He had left orders that they should remain at the island until his return, and that they should on no account move away from

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it. His heart was full of alarm and misgiving, and his men shared his gloomy forebodings.

To add to their distress, some Indians came running up, and told them that a party of Spaniards had been seen in the interior, advancing to the spot where the English now were; and almost at the same moment, seven large Spanish vessels, which seemed to be on the watch, showed their sails at a distance of several miles out at sea. The adventurers were in great peril, and were driven to desperate extremities.

Drake discussed the position as calmly as he could with his chief officers. Should they plunge into the woods, and trust to the aid of the friendly Indians to defend them from the attack of the enemy? Or should they try to find the ships and gain them before the Spanish fleet came up? There was no time to be lost; they must decide quickly. To fly into the interior was, perhaps, to suffer from starvation, and probably, at the best, to be overcome by the greatly superior numbers of the Spanish; and, if they fell into the hands of their foes, they might expect no mercy whatever.

At last it was resolved at all hazards to try to reach the ships. In order to do this, they must trust themselves to the sea, and, in constant peril from the Spanish squadron, search up and down

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the waters. They could not do this, however, in the frail canoes of the Indians, which seemed their only resource.

While Drake was pondering upon this, he happened to look toward the river, on the borders of which the party were resting. He saw some large trees floating down its current, and entangling themselves in the rushes along the bank. An idea at once flashed upon his mind. Turning to his comrades, he said eagerly :

“ Do you see those big trees, caught in the bushes? Heaven surely sent them to us. We will haul them up, and make a raft. Some of us will put to sea on it, find the ships, and come back for the rest.”

It was no sooner said than three or four men sprang to their feet, and ran toward the trees. In less than an hour they had converted the trees into a stout raft. The men cut down some smaller trees, and with their hatchets carved out two rude oars and a rudder. Then, taking a large sack which had contained biscuits, they framed it as best they could into the shape of a sail. Planting this on a pole in the centre of the raft, they returned to Drake, telling him it was ready.

Drake selected three or four of the strongest men, and told them that they should go with him

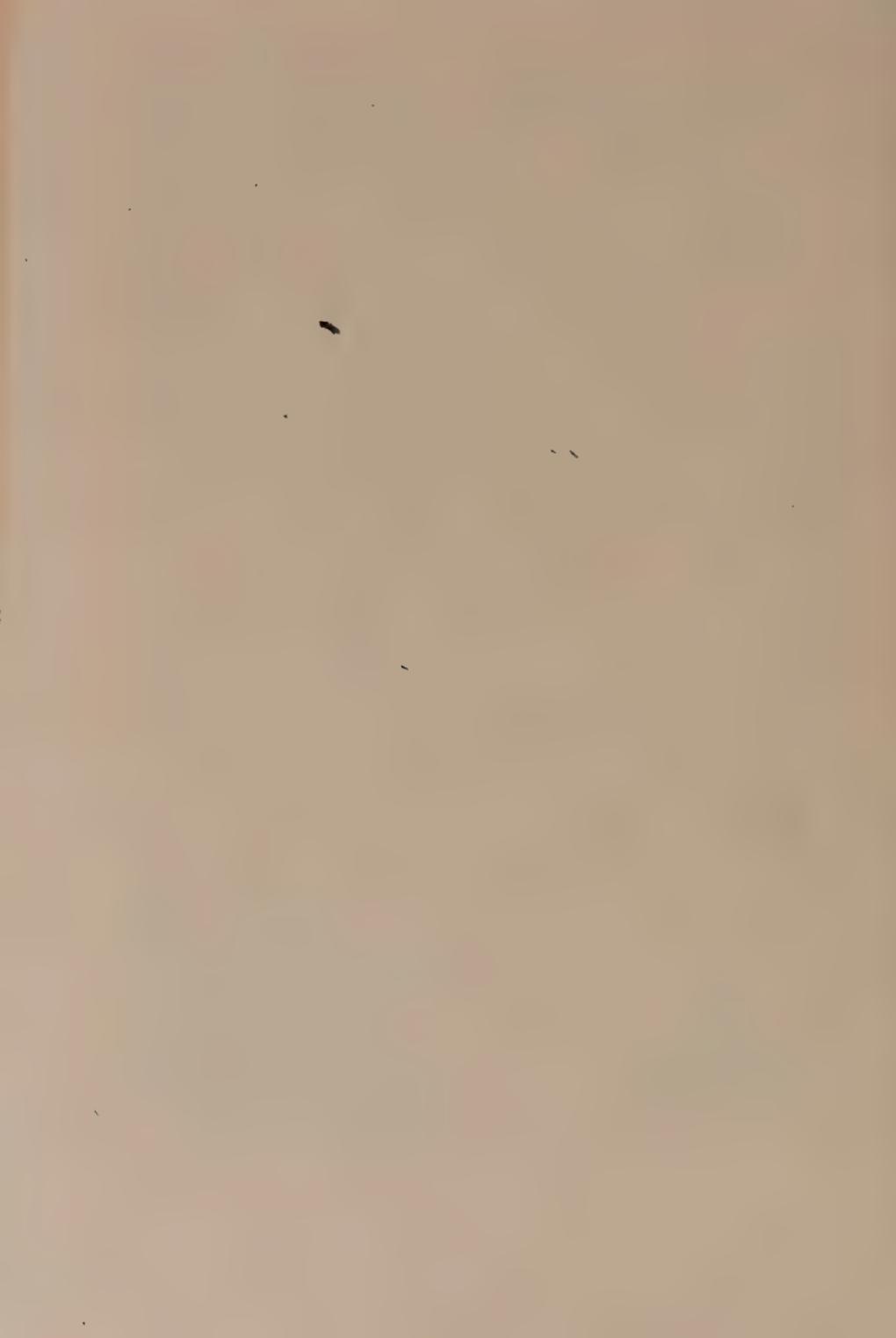
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on the raft in search of the ships. He ordered the rest of the company to remain concealed as near as possible to the spot where they were now. He would surely return, and that soon. Meanwhile, the faithful Indians would help them to resist any attack which the Spaniards might make.

Then, mounting the raft, and pushing it out into the centre of the river, he waved an adieu to his comrades on shore, and found himself rapidly gliding toward the sea. The oarsmen plied their oars, and with this help the rude sail served its purpose well; but so hastily had the raft been constructed that sometimes Drake and his companions found themselves up to their waists in the water. As long, however, as they could keep afloat, they did not lose heart. They first made for the island where they had left the ships, but, on passing round it, they could see nowhere any signs of them. Then they paddled out into the open again, and were about to give up the search in despair when Drake espied another small island a mile or two away. On approaching this, he dimly saw a sail peeping above a small promontory. Was it an English or a Spanish sail? Paddling nearer, he became more and more convinced that it belonged to one of his own ships. He resolved to stake all upon this belief, and boldly bore his raft down upon the island.



HE BOLDLY BORE HIS RAFT DOWN UPON THE ISLAND



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There, nestled in a cosy and well-hidden harbour, were to be seen the "Pacha" and her sister vessel. Drake joyfully mounted once more to the deck of his gallant little flag-ship, and embraced the officers. Then it appeared that the ships, perceiving the Spanish squadron, and fearing to be discovered and captured, had sought refuge in this more secure retreat. Without delay they weighed anchor, and were soon sailing fast toward the shore, where the rest of the adventurers awaited them with feverish impatience.

There was much rejoicing when the men found themselves once more together, and ready now to set sail for merry England. Nearly a year had elapsed since their departure from Plymouth, and they were eager to see their families, and to rejoice their hearts with the booty they had taken. This was stored away in the holds, and the friendly Indians were warmly embraced and bidden adieu. Then the ships sailed, and directed their course as straight as possible across the Gulf of Mexico. It was well that the Englishmen had set sail when they did, "for," as one of the adventurers relates, "they had not been half an hour on board when there came to the seaside above three hundred Spanish soldiers, who were sent on purpose to take them; but God suffered Drake to escape their hands, to be a further plague unto the Spaniards."

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The homeward voyage was unusually prosperous. In twenty-three days after setting out, the ships anchored at the Scilly Islands. This was the quickest passage which had yet been made across the Atlantic, and amply proved Drake's genius as a navigator.

It was on Sunday the 9th of August, 1573, that the weather-beaten ships made their entrance into Plymouth Harbour. The sight of the familiar gray cliffs, rising in perpendicular masses above the boisterous English Channel, made the hearts of the adventurers beat with delight. Flags and pennons were run up to the mastheads. Trumpets were sounded, and the drums beat, and as the ships at last cast anchor, greetings passed between the voyagers and the crowd of friends who had gathered on the quay to welcome them home.

The news of their arrival soon spread through the town. Drake was now a famous man, for his expedition had been known and watched throughout England. It so happened that his ships reached Plymouth while services were going on in the churches. The event was whispered through the congregations, and “ few or no people remained with the preacher ; all running out to observe the blessing of God upon the dangerous adventures of the captain, who had spent one year, two months

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and some odd days on this voyage.” Drake hastened to embrace the members of his family, and to take the rest needful after so much exposure and so rough an existence, while his men scattered to their several homes.

But Drake could not remain long in idleness and luxury. Ever since the day on which he had gazed so intently upon the waters of the Pacific, he had cherished the ardent ambition to plough its waters with English keels. On his homeward voyage, he had continually indulged the glowing fancy; and he had been impatient to find himself once more on English shores, that he might set about accomplishing the purpose he now had at heart.

After a short stay at Plymouth, therefore, the indefatigable mariner embarked on a coastwise vessel for London. In the capital, whither the renown of his deeds had preceded him, and where he was sure to meet with a lordly welcome, he might hope to receive encouragement in pursuing his bold project. His reception among the great men was all that he could desire. He was honoured and feted, and on every hand he heard praises of his patriotism and daring.

But, although the attitude of England toward Spain was hostile, open war had not yet broken out between the two countries, and just at the time

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of Drake's return Queen Elizabeth was cherishing hopes that peace might still be preserved. Drake even found that his sovereign did not wholly approve of his expedition to Mexico; that she thought it rash and unwise. In short, he soon discovered that he was not in favour at the royal court; and, this being the state of affairs, he deemed it best not to announce at present his plan of navigating the Pacific. His restless spirit, however, would not brook indolence; and no sooner did he find himself obliged to postpone his darling project, than he cast about for some other outlet for his active and enterprising temper.

It so happened that a fierce rebellion had not long before broken out in Ireland. The chiefs of Ulster and Connaught, never tamed to English rule, thought they saw a chance, amid the furious contentions and rivalries of Elizabeth's court, to win independence for their oppressed land. English troops had been sent to the subject island in all haste, and these were under the command of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, the father of the ill-fated young man of the same title who afterward became Elizabeth's favourite. In the warfare of those days it was customary for any one who chose to organize an expedition, and take part in the conflicts as a volunteer. Drake was

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now a rich man. His share of the plunder taken in America not only placed him above want, but left at his disposal a large sum which he could devote to any venture on which he chose to enter. Full of ardour, and ripe in warlike experience, he eagerly caught at the idea of winning new laurels and gaining the friendship of the court by aiding in the suppression of the Irish rebellion.

He fitted out three large frigates, supplied them with an armament, and sailed for Ireland. Gaining access to the Earl of Essex, he offered him his frigates, his men, and his own services. They were accepted; and Drake, appointed to the command of his expedition, set forth to begin active operations. In many a battle and skirmish he proved himself not only a valiant, but a skilful and determined warrior, and his military fame waxed almost as bright as his naval renown.

It was while engaged in this war that Drake became acquainted with a man who was destined to do him a signal service. This was an officer of the English army named Thomas Doughty. Impressed with Drake's strong and sturdy traits, Doughty became his devoted friend. Often, in bivouac together, Drake told him of his adventures and escapes in the wilds of Central America, and confided to him his dream of sailing in the Pacific. Doughty listened with rapt attention,

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and was roused to enthusiasm by Drake's great project.

The Irish were completely subdued after an obstinate resistance, and then Drake and Doughty returned to England. As soon as they reached London, Doughty told his companion that he would introduce him to a man who could, if he chose, smooth away the obstacles to the Pacific expedition. This was no less a person than Sir Christopher Hatton, at that time Queen Elizabeth's most favoured courtier and counsellor. Hatton's influence was great at the royal court, and supreme with the sovereign. If Hatton could be interested in the scheme, it would surely be successful.

During these events, nearly four years had passed since Drake's return from Central America. He was now in the full prime of his manhood, being about thirty-eight years of age, while his fame was still bright in the minds of his countrymen.

Doughty very soon afterward found an excellent chance of presenting the naval hero to the celebrated courtier. Sir Christopher Hatton received his visitor with a warm welcome, and asked him many questions about his voyages. He was pleased with Drake's frank, blunt bearing and homely ways; and when the important

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subject of the Pacific venture was proposed to him, Hatton entered into it with cordial sympathy. He promised to lay it before the Queen herself, and almost promised them her approval beforehand.

A day or two afterward Drake was summoned into the Queen's presence. She was surrounded by her court, and the rough sailor was dazzled by its splendour. Elizabeth treated him with marked distinction. Commanding him to approach, she rose from her seat, and taking a magnificent sword from an attendant who stood by, she thus addressed him :

“ Receive this sword, Francis Drake ; and wear it till we require it of thee. And we do account, Drake, that he who striketh at thee, striketh at us.”

By this, she made him understand that she took him into her favour, and accepted him in her service. He knew at once that Hatton had made his influence felt, and that the only obstacle in the way of his own cherished ambition—the absence of the royal sanction—no longer existed.

He retired from the brilliant scene with a heart swelling high with exultation and hope. After that, Sir Christopher Hatton became Drake's intimate friend as well as his powerful protector ; and as the sunshine of royal favour now shone upon

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him, Drake received also in abundance the rays of those lesser lights, the stars in the firmament of the court. He had now only to make all haste to organize his fleet, and to sail away toward the setting sun.

CHAPTER VII

BOUND FOR THE PACIFIC

DRAKE began his preparations, not only with despatch, but in the utmost secrecy. His project was only known to a few of the courtiers and to his most familiar adherents. It was necessary that Spain should not suspect the object or the destination of the fleet; and besides, Drake was anxious that no other navigator should get wind of his project, and take advantage of it to precede him to the Pacific. He even concealed his destination from the crews whom he enlisted; they neither knew nor suspected whither they were bound until they had been some days at sea.

The rendezvous of the fleet which Drake busied himself with collecting and equipping was the familiar harbour of Plymouth. In a short time five goodly vessels were moored in the placid waters of its Sound. These were the "Pelican," better known as the "Golden Hind," of one hundred tons burden, commanded by Drake himself; the "Elizabeth," of eighty tons burden, John Winter,

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captain; the "Marigold," thirty tons, John Thomas, captain; the "Swan," fifty tons, John Chester, captain; and the "Christopher," fifteen tons, Thomas Moon, captain. A small pinnace, the "Benedict," went in company with the flagship, the "Golden Hind." Besides these vessels themselves, Drake caused to be brought on board the frame-work of four more pinnaces, to be taken out and put together when occasion served.

The ships were provided with ample provisions for a long and doubtful voyage, and with a good supply of cannon, arms, and ammunition. Nor did Drake omit to provide for the recreation of himself and his men during the tedious hours of their expedition. Many articles of luxury were stowed in the cabins and hold, and a number of musical instruments were added. The cabins were elegantly furnished, and a supply of gold and silver plate and ornaments was put on board. All the dishes used at Drake's own table were of the precious metals, "whereby the civility and magnificence of his native country amongst all nations whithersoever he might come, should be the more admired." His company consisted of a hundred and sixty-four gentlemen and sailors, a band of musicians, and several skilled cooks. It seemed as though he were setting out on a voyage of pleasure, rather than on a warlike expedition.

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Everything being at last ready, Drake repaired to Plymouth to join his fleet. With him went his friend Doughty, whom Drake had appointed his second in command. He found the captains and crews assembled in their several vessels, only awaiting his signal to spread sails and depart.

It was at five o'clock in the afternoon of November 15, 1577, that the gallant fleet set forth on its long and perilous venture. Although its destination was not certainly known, the people suspected that it was aimed against the arrogant and hated Spaniards; and the great multitude which thronged the quays to see it set forth rent the air with their shouts of "God-speed."

Drake's object was to make, with as little delay as possible, for the Straits of Magellan, thus to double South America, and pass northward along the Pacific coast of the two western continents. This resolve was all the more audacious, as the Spaniards had long since ceased to sail their ships through the Straits, on account of its many dangers. It was even said that the passage was closed up, and there was much superstition about the dreadful perils of the Pacific. Sailors were in the habit of declaring that it would surely be fatal to every discoverer who ventured upon it. Magellan had himself been killed by savages in its islands. Balboa, whose eyes had first gazed

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on the Pacific, had met a violent death ; and De Solis had been murdered by the barbarians of the Rio de la Plata, while on his way to the dreaded Straits. But these events and superstitions did not in the least daunt Drake's sturdy spirit. He knew that the only way to reach the Pacific by water yet discovered was by the Straits of Magellan ; and through them he determined to go, or perish in the attempt.

A bad omen occurred at the very outset of the voyage, which, had Drake been superstitious, might have led him to despair. Scarcely had the fleet reached the open sea when a terrific gale assailed it. Such was the fury of the wind that the mainmast of the "Golden Hind" had to be cut away, while the "Marigold" was driven ashore and badly damaged. Drake was forced to put in at Falmouth till the tempest abated. Then, setting sail once more, he directed the course of the fleet southward to the coast of Barbary. This was to hoodwink the Spaniards, and to make them think that his expedition was simply for the purpose of capturing cargoes of slaves. By Christmas the ships had sighted the island Mogador, off the African coast.

This island lay about a mile from the shore. It had broad, sandy beaches, which glistened in the bright winter sun. Lofty hills rose in the interior

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of the island, and between it and the mainland was a safe and convenient harbour. Here, therefore, Drake cast anchor. It was necessary to take in water, and to make some repairs in his ships.

With great satisfaction the adventurers found themselves upon dry land. They wandered over the island, camped on the shore, and leisurely made their repairs. Some of the men found three great hollow rocks at the southern extremity of the island, in the deep basins of which were some hideous-looking fish, which, however, they found very eatable. They also killed many sea-fowl.

One day, as several sailors were looking toward the mainland from the summit of a hill, they espied a number of natives, with large white turbans, standing on the shore and making signals to them. They were waving a flag of truce, and uttering loud cries. The men hastened to Drake and told him what they had seen. Drake was well acquainted, from his previous experience in the slave trade, with the traits of the inhabitants on this part of the coast. He interpreted the signals which his men had seen as indicating a desire on the part of the natives to communicate with him. He accordingly dispatched a boat, with an officer and three men, to the mainland. They found that the Moors wished to be taken on board the flagship. Leaving one of the crew behind as a hostage,

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they invited two of the Moors to enter the boat, and quickly transported them to the "Golden Hind." Drake received his swarthy guests with all honour and distinction. Chairs were placed for them on the deck, and they were regaled with a dainty repast; in order still more to win their good-will, Drake caused some linen, shoes, and javelins to be brought, and presented them to the Moors. He then conversed with them as well as he could by signs and motions, and soon learned that they were anxious to trade with him. Suspecting nothing, he willingly agreed, and sent them ashore with many friendly demonstrations. The English hostage was faithfully set at liberty, and returned in the boat to the ship.

The next morning at the appointed hour, Drake saw the Moors stationed once more on the beach. They had brought with them a train of camels, which appeared to be loaded down with a great variety of wares. A boat promptly put out for the shore, and ran into an inlet between the rocks. One of the men, named John Fry, jumped briskly on the beach, and advanced toward the Moors. He had not gone many yards when they rushed up, seized him, and hurried him away with them. At the same time a multitude of natives, who had been hidden in the bushes, showed themselves with threatening gestures, and seemed about to attack

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the rest of the men in the boat. Meanwhile, poor Fry was bound fast to a horse, and when last his comrades saw him he was galloping away between his captors. The crew saw at once that the Moors were too many for them, and consulted their own safety by making all haste back to the ships.

Drake was very angry at the apparent perfidy of the natives, and landed a large force of men to attack them, and, if possible, to rescue Fry. But he did not succeed in finding their retreat. It turned out afterward that the conduct of the Moors was not, after all, as black as it seemed to be. They had resorted to stratagem to capture Fry, but their object was not to injure him, but to find out whether or not Drake's fleet belonged to their bitter enemies, the Portuguese. When they found out that it was English, they not only treated Fry gently and hospitably, but set him free. Finding that Drake's fleet had sailed without him, Fry returned to England in the first ship that came to that coast.

Having given up all hope of recovering the captive, Drake laid in wood and water, and after staying for a week at Mogador once more set sail. A fortnight's voyage brought him to Cape Blanco, where he halted for five days, so that his men might amuse themselves with fishing. He availed himself of this delay also to exercise them

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in drilling, that they might be prepared for the fierce encounters which he foresaw the future had in store for them. The fleet succeeded in capturing three Spanish fishing-boats, and two or three smaller Spanish vessels. The natives at Cape Blanco were docile and friendly. There was a great scarcity of water in that region, and the natives came to the ships to beg for some, bringing ambergris and gum to exchange for it. Drake generously filled their leather bags from his not too ample store, and sent them away capering with delight.

The next stopping-place of the fleet was the island of Mayo, upon which dwelt a thriving Portuguese colony of shepherds and farmers. Here Drake hoped to procure a supply of dried goat's flesh and other provisions. But on anchoring in one of the harbours of the island, he found, to his chagrin, that the Portuguese would not trade with him. They shared with the Spaniards their jealousy and dread of the English, whom they recognized as their most formidable rivals on the sea. Drake was resolved not to brook such a lack of hospitality. The next day he sent a force of sixty men on shore, commanded by Captain Winter. This party marched straight to the principal settlement, composed of a cluster of low huts, built in irregular groups in a valley. Every

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hut was deserted. On repairing to the springs for water, Winter and his companions found that the Portuguese had maliciously sprinkled salt in them all, so that the water could not be drunk. The party advanced some distance into the interior of the island, but could nowhere find any traces of the fugitives. They were amazed, however, to see on every hand evidences of the extraordinary fertility and fruitfulness of the place. They beheld a great quantity of delicious grapes, and passed through lovely groves and valleys, where cocoanuts hung from the branches in the richest profusion. On the slopes they espied goats and wild hens, and in the lofty trees birds with magnificent plumage.

Being forced to forego their attempt to punish the Portuguese, they returned crestfallen to the fleet. Not long after setting sail from Mayo, Drake fell in with a large Portuguese galleon, bound for Brazil, laden with wines, cloth, and other valuable wares, and carrying a large number of passengers. He straightway attacked and captured her, making prisoners of her passengers and crew. He gave the command of this prize to his old friend, Doughty; but ere very long he found, to his great grief, that this friend, who had done him such signal service, was not to be trusted. Doughty secretly took bribes from the Portuguese prisoners, which they offered him as a reward for

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treating them mildly, and kept the money himself ; whereupon Drake deprived him of the command, which he conferred on his brother, Thomas Drake. Doughty was destined afterward, on more than one occasion, to call down upon him the displeasure of his commander.

As soon as he could make a convenient port, Drake set the Portuguese prisoners at liberty, giving them their clothes, some wine, and some provisions. He also left them one of the pinnaces, which he had brought with him in sections. But he kept with him the Portuguese pilot, who would be useful in guiding the expedition on the Brazilian coast, and retained the galleon as one of his fleet.

The voyagers soon came to an island which, from its volcanoes, was called the ‘ Burning Island.’ “ In this island,” says one of the adventurers, “ rises a steep, upright hill, eighteen miles from the shore, within whose bowels is a consuming fire, maintained by a sulphurous matter, seeming to be of marvellous depth, and also very wide. The fire showeth itself but four times an hour, at which times it breaketh out with such violence and force, and in such vast abundance, that, besides giving light like the moon a great way off, it seems as if it would not stop till it touched the heavens themselves. Herein are engendered a great store of pumice-stones which, being in the vehement

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heat of the fire hurled out of the mouth of that fiery body, fall down, with other gross and slimy matter, upon the hill."

Another island, near by, Drake found to be "a most sweet and pleasant island, the trees whereof are always green and fair to look upon, so that they call it the 'Brave Island.' The soil is almost full of trees, so that it is a store-house of many fruits and commodities, such as figs always ripe, cocoas, plantains, oranges, lemons, citrons, and cotton. From the brooks into the sea do run, in many places, silver streams of sweet and wholesome water."

It was with delight that the voyagers lingered amid such luxuriant and smiling scenes, and rested from the turmoils of the deep. But their sojourn on the islands was always brief; for months had passed since their departure, and only a small part of their long voyage had been accomplished. From the Brave Island they once more pushed out into the boundless ocean, where, for a while, they enjoyed gentle breezes, caught dolphins and flying-fish, and listened, on bright, calm days, to the music of the band which Drake had brought with him. Then once more terrific tempests assailed them, and their destruction seemed inevitable. In one of these tempests, Drake was grieved to find that his Portuguese prize had

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separated from the rest of the fleet, and was nowhere to be seen. He was relieved, a day or two after, to find her safely anchored off an island, the cape of which he gratefully named Cape Joy.

The fleet had set out from Plymouth in November. It was not until early in April that Drake sighted the long, low coast of Brazil. For sixty-three days the fleet had been out of sight of land; and the welcome view of the coast, with its trees and the sloping hills beyond, inspired the weather-worn seafarers with fresh spirits and renewed hope.

Scarcely had they drawn toward the coast, when, to their surprise, they saw it lit up with many bonfires. Presently they came near enough to see numbers of men and women running up and down the shore, and feeding the flames with bundles of wood and brush. At first, the sailors took these fires to be intended as a welcome from the Brazilians to the new-comers. But Drake, who knew well the habits of these people, soon undeceived his comrades.

"These bonfires," he said, "are not meant for our welcome, but for our destruction. It is a sacrifice which the Brazilians make to the devil. They believe that if they pile up huge heaps of sand and build fires thereon, and go through certain incantations, the devil and his imps will shipwreck and thus destroy us. Still, I believe

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that we have naught to fear. They think we are Portuguese, and hence would ruin us. When they discover that we are English, and mean them no injury, perhaps they will treat us in friendly fashion."

For some distance along the coast, Drake could find no secure haven for his ships. The weather became stormy, and more than once the stress of wind and wave was such that the ships were separated from each other, though, as they all held the same southward course, they always came together again. At last the "Golden Hind" and her sister ships reached the mouth of the river De la Plata, where Drake came to anchor in a pretty bay under a protecting cape.

"Among other cares which our general took," says one of the voyagers, "was to keep our whole fleet (as near as we possibly could) together; to get fresh water, which is of continual use; and to refresh our men, wearied with long toils at sea, as oft as he should have opportunity." The river De la Plata was the first principal station of the voyage after crossing the Atlantic. It was a most pleasant and convenient place to tarry, while Drake prepared for a more perilous task than he had yet undertaken—the passage of the Straits of Magellan. The climate was temperate, the air pure and sweet, the landscape beautiful, and the

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country round about fruitful. A still more sheltered harbour was soon found, some thirty miles up the wide mouth of the stream ; and here the fleet was finally anchored, while its occupants enjoyed their much needed rest. The men found good sport in killing seals, the meat of which they ate with keen relish, and also shot many deer in the forests a short distance inland. They explored the river above their haven ; but wherever they went, the natives, probably taking them for Portuguese or Spaniards, retreated in fright before them.

Not long after the fleet had resumed its voyage, the “ Swan ” became separated from it by a storm ; and now Drake resolved that, as soon as he could again make a good harbour, he would reduce the number of his vessels. The fleet was too large to keep together, and there was room enough for all the men and provisions in his larger ships. So he searched diligently for another place of anchorage. In a few days a lofty headland was reached, behind which appeared a quiet bay, but as many jagged rocks reared their heads above the water off the headland, Drake did not think it safe to attempt to enter the bay without first carefully exploring for a sufficiently wide channel. “ Our general,” says the narrator before quoted, “ especially in matters of moment, was never wont to rely alone on other men’s care, however trusty or skilful

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they might be ; but, always despising danger, and refusing no toil, he was wont himself to take part at every turn where courage, skill, or industry was to be employed. Nor would he at this time entrust the discovery of these dangers to others ; but rather to his own experience in searching out and sounding of them. A boat being therefore hoisted forth, he, with some others, rowed into the bay ; and being now very near the shore, one of the natives of the country showed himself unto him, seeming very pleasant, singing, and dancing to the noise of a rattle which he shook in his hand.”

Before Drake could effect a landing, a dense fog spread itself over the bay and coast. The men on the ships became alarmed for his safety, and sent forward the “ Marigold,” in spite of the danger of the reefs, to search for him. But the fog lifted in a few hours, and then Drake, landing on the beach, lit some huge fires as signals to the ships to enter the harbour.

CHAPTER VIII

DOUGHTY'S TREASON AND EXECUTION

ALL the ships, except the "Swan" and the Portuguese prize (which was named "Mary"), found their way safely through the channel by which Drake had entered with his boat. The crews went on shore and encamped, while Drake, taking two vessels, started again in search of the missing ships. Happily, he succeeded in finding the "Swan," which he brought into the harbour; and after transferring her cargo to the others, he caused this vessel to be broken up for firewood.

The adventurers found many interesting and curious things in the region near the bay. They came upon strange-looking low houses near the shore, and, entering these, saw a great number of ostriches which were evidently being dried for food. They also discovered many rude implements, used by the natives in capturing and curing the ostriches. The Englishmen afterward learned that, in order to catch these huge birds, the natives were in the habit of fixing a bunch of feathers to a long staff,

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so fashioned as to resemble an ostrich's head at the top, and a broad tail below. Holding this dummy ostrich before them, they would stalk off, and drive a flock of ostriches upon a narrow neck of land, where they ensnared them with nets. Dogs were also employed in hunting them down.

Drake and his comrades had not been long in this place before scraping an acquaintance with the natives. At first, the latter were shy and fearful, but by degrees they became reassured, and gradually came nearer and nearer the camp. Drake could not but admire their fine, tall, symmetrical forms, and their sprightly ways. Their only article of dress was a large skin, which they wore about their loins. Their method of adorning themselves was to paint their entire bodies in various glaring colours. When they had gained confidence, and had become used to the sight of the Englishmen, they would come in parties of a dozen or more, and dance and caper about the camp. Drake pleased them exceedingly by giving them some knives, bells, trumpets, and similar playthings, whereupon they leapt about more frantically than ever.

It was with regret that the voyagers left this pleasant haven and the friendly natives, but time pressed; and as Drake approached the passage

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which, if he succeeded in traversing it, would carry him from the Atlantic to the Pacific, he became more and more impatient of delay. Before reaching these perilous Straits of Magellan, the voyagers were destined to meet with many interesting and dangerous adventures. It was necessary, on account of the storms, the lack of provisions, the need of repairs, and the occasional separation of the ships, to make frequent halts; and wherever the ships cast anchor there was always something novel to see. Fortunately the "Mary," which had long been lost sight of, was found after a troublesome search; and, on the 20th of June, the entire fleet, together once more, put in at Port St Julian.

They had not been long here before they saw some of that race of giants whom Magellan had called Patagonians. They were, indeed, men of huge stature and of proportionate prowess. Unlike many of the South Americans before encountered, they did not show the least timidity at the approach of strangers. They speedily mingled with the English on the easiest terms of familiarity, took the presents which Drake offered them with great eagerness and delight, and even joined in the sports of the crews.

One day, several of these giants were watching an English gunner, named Oliver, who was prac-

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tising with his bow and arrows on the shore. After gazing for some time with open mouths, and admiring the precision with which Oliver's arrows sped to the centre of his target, they made signs that they would like to try their own skill in shooting. Oliver willingly gave them his bow ; but being wholly unused to it, their awkward attempts greatly amused the group of English who had gathered in a circle to see the sport. Then one of the Englishmen, named Robert Winter, took the bow, and aimed at the target. Just as he let his arrow fly, the string of the bow broke with a loud snap. One of the Patagonians, a morose, ill-natured fellow, who had been urging his comrades to come away from the strangers, and who seemed bent on quarrelling, took advantage of the accident to raise a dismal howl. He thought that, as the bow-string was broken, Winter and his friends were powerless to defend themselves. The other giants copied his hostile attitude, and, retreating a short distance, let fly a shower of arrows at the disarmed archer. They little imagined that the strange-looking implements which they saw in the hands of the English were deadly weapons, but they were soon to be undeceived. One of their arrows pierced Winter's lung ; still, he stood his ground like a man. Then Oliver levelled his gun and pulled the trigger ; but

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it missed fire, and at the same moment Oliver fell dead, pierced to the heart by one of the Patagonian arrows.

Drake saw that he must act boldly and promptly, or that his entire party would be massacred. Rushing forward in front of his men, he ordered them to cover themselves with their targets, and to advance upon the natives. The latter were fast increasing in numbers, and growing more ferocious. Seizing a gun which one of the men at his side was holding, Drake levelled it with firm hand at the quarrelsome savage who had instigated the attack. The huge fellow, reeling, fell with a heavy thud on the ground. The Patagonians were terror-stricken at this, and having now no leader to rally them, turned and precipitately fled to the woods. But no time was to be lost, for Drake knew that as soon as they had recovered from their alarm they would rally in far greater numbers, and that their wrath would know no bounds. So he and his party made with all haste for the ships, carrying with them the wounded Winter. The body of poor Oliver was left on the shore. Winter had scarcely reached his ship when he died of his wound. The voyagers were safe enough on board the fleet, for the Patagonians could not hope to assail the ships in their rude canoes. If they did, the cannon would make short work of them.

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Drake, therefore, was in no hurry to leave Port St Julian, his repairs not yet being completed.

A few days after the fight with the Patagonians, Drake made a discovery which filled him both with grief and indignation. Though obliged to deprive Doughty of his command, Drake had still clung to his faith in his old friend, who had once served him so well, and who seemed to him incapable of deliberate perfidy.

But at Port St Julian he was told by an officer of the fleet, who was warmly devoted to him, that Doughty was plotting a mutiny. His informant declared that Doughty's aim was to depose him from the command of the fleet and to usurp it himself, and that he had for some time been trying to corrupt the officers and men. Drake was amazed beyond expression at this intelligence. He could scarcely believe his ears. Was it possible that Doughty could find it in his heart to be so treacherous?

He began at once to make cautious inquiries; and what was his surprise to learn, from another of his officers, that Doughty's ill-will toward him had betrayed itself even before they left the shores of England! He was told that, one day, when Doughty was walking with some of the officers in Drake's garden at Plymouth, he had spoken very insolently of himself, and had

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tried to excite the minds of the officers against him.

"I can scarce believe," exclaimed Drake, resting his head on his hand, "that one I have so dearly loved would conceive evil against me. But I see," he added, "that leniency will do no good, and that it is high time to call Doughty's conduct in question. Let a strict watch be set over him. He shall be arraigned before me and my officers without delay."

The next day the officers of the fleet were assembled on the deck of the "Golden Hind." Every face wore a sad and downcast look. The company was silent, and awaited in gloomy suspense the opening of the examination by their commander. Drake sat in the centre of the deck, with pale but grim and resolute features. Of all the tasks and troubles of his voyage, this was the most painful; but he nerved himself to it with stern self-control. Not far from him stood the accused Doughty, with bowed head and trembling form, guarded on either side by two sailors.

Drake addressed the officers in a clear voice. Looking around, and then pointing at Doughty, he said :

"This man, officers, hath many good qualities, as I have full reason to know. He hath done me many precious services. He was a true friend to

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me when I greatly needed such a one. I have had the greatest good-will and inward affection toward him; a more than brotherly love. But he is here accused of various crimes and treacheries against me and against the fleet. It is for you, officers, to judge whether or not he is guilty."

Drake then recounted the charges which had been brought against Doughty, and the proofs which he had gathered. The charges were of misconduct, "not only at sea, but even at Plymouth; not bare words, but writings; not only writings, but actions, tending to the overthrow not only of the expedition, but the destruction of its commander also."

Having thus set before the assembly the charges and the proofs, Drake enjoined them to consider well their reply. Was Doughty guilty or innocent? It was for them to decide and honestly declare. A profound silence followed the commander's closing words. Then the officers began to whisper earnestly among themselves. Meanwhile Doughty stood with bent head, and a face as pale as death. Drake sat in stern serenity in the midst of the group.

Soon one of the captains, by right of his rank, raised his voice, and declared that he believed Doughty to be guilty. Drake called upon the others in turn to give each his judgment. When

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he had gone through the officers, he found that only one or two acquitted the man, and that forty condemned him.

Turning to Doughty, he said in solemn tones :

“ Doughty, you see what the company declares. You are judged guilty of treason toward me and the fleet. What have you to say in your own defence? ”

Stricken with sudden and overwhelming remorse, the unhappy man prostrated himself at Drake’s feet. For a moment, he was so overcome by his emotions that he could not speak ; then, with a broken voice, he replied :

“ I do humbly and remorsefully confess the crimes of which I have been found guilty ; and I implore your clemency.”

“ Doughty,” said Drake, “ I have but one course, and that is, to punish you for your great treason. But I cannot forget your former services and friendship ; so I will give you a choice of three fates. Will you be executed here on this island near by ? or will you be put ashore and left on the mainland ? or will you return to England a prisoner, there duly to answer for your deeds before the lords of the Queen’s council ? ”

Doughty remained silent, as if in deep thought. Then, in a hesitating voice, he said :

“ May I have until to-morrow to decide ? ”

DOUGHTY'S TREASON

The request was granted. The assembly of officers broke up, and Doughty was taken below in irons. The next day he was again brought before the commander.

"Well, Doughty," said Drake, "which fate have you chosen?"

"With all my heart," returned the condemned man, "I do choose rather to be executed on this island, than to be left among savages, or to face the lords in England. But I pray you, give me but a little time, that I may once more receive the holy communion with you yourself before I die; that I may not die other than the death of a gentleman."

This last wish was readily granted. The next morning the communion was administered by Francis Fletcher, the chaplain of the fleet, to Drake and Doughty together in the captain's cabin; and after the sacred rite had been completed, the cabin was set with a bounteous dinner. The captain and the culprit sat down at the board, opposite each other, quite as they used to do in the happier days of their friendship. For a little while they tried to forget the tragic event which was about to follow; "each cheering up the other, and taking their leave by drinking to each other, as if some journey only had been in hand."

The execution of the unhappy Doughty quickly

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followed on his last feast. A block was set up on the island near which the “Golden Hind” was moored; Doughty was brought forth with his hands tied, and after kneeling to make a brief last prayer, with quiet courage placed his head upon the block. One of the men, who had been chosen as the executioner, swung high the axe, and at a single blow Doughty’s head was severed from his body. His remains were buried on the island. Two large stones were put at the head and foot of the grave, upon one of which an inscription was rudely graven in Latin, with Drake’s name, and the date of his being at Port St Julian.

This melancholy event over, Drake became anxious to get away from the scene where it had been enacted. Following out his purpose to reduce the size of his fleet, he caused the “Mary,” the Portuguese prize, to be emptied of her cargo and then broken up. Three ships were all that now remained of the fleet, besides the small framework pinnaces. Into these the cargo of the “Mary” was stored, while they took in an ample supply of wood and water. On the 17th of August, having remained two months at Port St Julian, the fleet once more set forth on its south-westward course.

Three days later Drake at last sighted the Cape of the Virgins, which lies at the entrance of the

DOUGHTY'S TREASON

Straits of Magellan. The cape loomed majestically at a distance of twelve miles over the sea. Its high and precipitous grey cliffs, against which the waves beat furiously, looked grimly forbidding; but Drake exulted in the thought that now finally he was about to brave the perilous passage from which the Spaniards shrank in superstitious terror.

No sooner had Drake arrived off the cape than he ordered his three ships to strike their topsails in honour of Queen Elizabeth. Cheers echoed from deck to deck; then all the voyagers knelt, while the chaplains offered up to Heaven their fervid prayers of thanksgiving.

Early on the following morning, August 20th, the commander gave the signal to enter the famous Straits. As the sailors peered ahead, the winding passage seemed too narrow for their ships, while the wind blew so furiously that it seemed inevitable that they would be hurled upon the rocks on either hand. But the ships, being well handled, passed this small channel without accidents, and they emerged into what appeared to be a bay-like river, five or six miles broad. During the night, as they sailed across this open body of water, all at once a lurid glare shot up just ahead of them. For a moment the adventurers trembled with a vague alarm, but soon they saw that the strange light

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came from a volcanic island, like the “*Burning Island*” they had seen on the way thither.

Continuing to advance, the voyagers were greatly struck next day with the scenery which met their view on either side of the Straits. Beautiful islands rose from the water in the wider reaches; landing upon some of these, they were greatly refreshed by the fresh springs, which they found in abundance. On both sides the shores rose to precipitous and almost mountainous heights; the hills behind formed still loftier ranges, so high, “that between them did appear three regions of clouds,” while the more remote ranges glistened with sparkling cones of perpetual snow. The Englishmen found the Straits very cold. Each morning there was a heavy frost, and sometimes violent snow-gusts swept across the ships. “The trees,” says Fletcher, the chaplain, “seemed to stoop with the burden of the weather, and yet were green continually, and many good and sweet herbs very plentifully grew and increased beneath them.”

After they had been in the Straits four days, the ships came to anchor at a large and fair island, which not only offered a secure harbour, but promised to provide the adventurers with everything they most needed. Landing upon it, the men speedily encountered a great number of wild fowl, which proved on trial to be very palatable

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eating. "These fowl," says one of the voyagers, "could not fly, having but stub wings, without feathers, covered over with a certain down, as was also all their body besides; in their heads, eyes and feet, they were like a duck, but almost as a goose. They bred and lodged on land, and in the day-time went down to the sea for food. They dug holes in the ground, wherein they laid their eggs, and lodged themselves, and bred their young. It would not be possible to find a bird of their bigness which had greater strength than they; for our men putting cudgels into their holes to force them out, they would take hold of the cudgels with their bills, and would not let go their hold."

The discovery of these fowl was very fortunate for the crews, who had not for a long time tasted so pleasant a dish. Three thousand of them were soon dispatched, and those which could not be eaten were cured and stored away for future use. The rest of the voyage through the Straits proved full of perils, alarms, and discomforts. The cold was at times excessive. Snow fell, and the banks were crusted with ice; sometimes the whole landscape appeared shrouded in white. Often, too, the ships could find no anchorage, so deep and seemingly unfathomable were the channels through which they passed. Tornadoes burst suddenly upon them, and drove them to right and left,

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sometimes compelling them to retreat before their tempestuous violence; while the waters rose and dashed with terrific force against the sides of the little ships.

But all these dangers and discomforts were endured with sturdy perseverance and unflagging courage; and on the 6th of September Drake and his brave comrades were rewarded by beholding, rising majestically above the restless waters, the cape which, as they knew, stood at the outlet from the Straits into the long-looked-for Pacific.

CHAPTER IX

DRAKE AT CAPE HORN

DRAKE had sailed through the Straits of Magellan in a shorter time than the passage had ever before been accomplished. Hitherto, it had taken the Spanish and Portuguese ships at least a month to steer through its winding channels and amid its dangerous reefs. In less than half that time Drake had passed from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

To sail English ships in Pacific waters had been his eager ambition, and it was now fulfilled. But he had also imagined it possible to discover a passage from sea to sea on the north-west of the American continent; he knew that if he could make such a discovery he would not only cover himself with glory but would bring great advantages to England. Accordingly, his first thought now was to skirt the American coast throughout its length, and penetrate northward as far as possible.

The voyage along the South American shores was at first prosperous and rapid. The three ships

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—the “Golden Hind,” the “Elizabeth,” and the “Marigold”—were able to keep near one another, and in two days two hundred miles had been traversed. On the third day, a storm of wind so violent overtook the little fleet that it was not only diverted from its northerly course, but was driven rapidly southward again. After a while, the wind changed, and the fleet once more advanced; for a week all went well.

Then for the second time the elements raged with renewed fury. The ships were hurled hither and thither; again and again they lost sight of one another; masts were torn from the decks, and sails torn in strips and shreds. Southward once more the unfortunate vessels were driven; it was several days before the “Golden Hind” could attempt to seek a refuge by the mainland. When she did so, the “Elizabeth” alone followed her. The “Marigold,” driven far out to sea by the terrific gale, was lost to sight, and was never heard of again. In a short time Drake found himself back at the entrance of the Straits of Magellan. It seemed as if the superstitions which he had heard before leaving England were about to be realized, and he almost despaired of ever achieving his purpose of crossing the Pacific.

A new misfortune added to the gloom of his situation. The “Elizabeth” one morning passed

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within the Straits. Drake supposed that she had only gone a little way for secure harbourage, and that when the storm subsided she would reappear. Day after day passed, and the “Elizabeth” did not return. Finally, Drake was forced to conclude that she had either been wrecked in the tortuous channels of the strait or that she had deserted him. The latter conjecture was the true one. Captain Winter, who commanded the “Elizabeth,” had secretly resolved to abandon the venture and to leave the “Golden Hind” to its fate. Against this his crew, of stouter heart than himself, vehemently protested; but Winter was obdurate. The “Elizabeth,” after resting a while in a pleasant harbour, where the sailors regaled themselves on some delicious shell-fish which they found near the shore, set out to traverse the straits eastward, and, after a long voyage across the Atlantic, reached England in safety in the following summer.

This was not the only disaster which Drake met with in the neighbourhood of the Straits. On his once more setting out, the ship was again driven southward by the fury of the storms which continued to burst upon it in quick succession, and when, having at last succeeded in entering the channels between the groups of islands which are called Tierra del Fuego, after a brief rest, he again put to sea, he was still driven in a southerly direction.

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He had with the “Golden Hind” a small shallop, which could be used for coasting and searching for harbours. In one of the tempests the shallop, with eight seamen in her, separated from the “Golden Hind.” These men had but a very scant supply of provisions, but while the “Golden Hind” continued to be carried ever southward, the shallop succeeded in regaining the Straits.

The after adventures of the men on board her were thrilling. They soon abandoned all hope of ever rejoining the “Golden Hind”; yet what could they do, with their frail craft, in these tempestuous waters and savage regions? In desperation, they grimly resolved that, if possible, they would again enter the Straits, and trust to chance for their safety. After many cruel hardships, and by dint of great perseverance, they succeeded in reaching the Straits, and, favoured by the weather, they safely accomplished its passage. In a few weeks they found themselves back at the welcome haven of the Rio de la Plata, on the Atlantic coast. Here they put in to rest, procure food, and repair their little vessel.

One day, six of the party entered the woods and skirted one of the banks, hoping to procure some game, while the other two remained behind to guard the camp and the boat. The six men had not gone far when they were furiously attacked by

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a band of natives, who fired a shower of arrows at them. So well directed was the assault, that every one of the Englishmen was wounded. Four of them fell upon the ground, so seriously hurt that they could not move; they were speedily captured by the natives, and taken away into the interior. The other two, though wounded and bleeding, managed to make their way back to their companions, but the natives, not content with their first triumph, lost no time in pursuing them. Scarcely had they reached the shore, when the Indians poured out of the woods, and stormed the party with their arrows. The Englishmen succeeded in driving their assailants back, and, jumping into the shallop, hastened to an island some miles from the coast. No sooner had they reached this refuge than the two who had been wounded died.

Two men only of the party of eight now survived. They were sadly considering what they should do when, the next morning, a furious storm arose, and they were overwhelmed with despair to see their shallop dashed to pieces on the rocks. They were now imprisoned on the lonely island, with no prospect of ever leaving it. They could not hope that any ship would come that way and rescue them. They were convinced that the "Golden Hind" had foundered in the southern

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billows; they seemed destined to die a horrible death in this remote and savage solitude.

They searched everywhere for springs of fresh water, but could find none, and, while they managed to secure crabs, eels, and fruit for food, their suffering from thirst was dreadful, and became more unendurable day by day. At last the two wanderers resolved that at all hazards they would reach the mainland, or perish in the attempt. There, the savages might kill them; but it was better to be killed than to die of the lingering pangs of thirst. On the mainland they would find fresh water; and, whatever might happen to them afterward they would enjoy the luxury once more of a draught from a sparkling spring.

One day they were rejoiced to find a plank which had drifted upon the beach. It was ten feet long and two wide. Weak as they were, the men succeeded in drawing it up, and, taking some sticks, managed to construct a very rude and uncertain raft. Upon this they placed such small store of provisions as they could collect. They kneeled on the sand, and implored God to protect them in the desperate venture they were about to undertake, and then, with the uncouth paddles they had made, they got upon the raft, pushed it off, and committed themselves to the treacherous waters.

They could see the forests of the mainland in
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the dim, hazy distance, but what perils lay between them and those longed-for shores! For three days and two nights they rocked about on the rough waves, sometimes becoming so wearied with their exertions that they could only lie down and let the poor frail raft drift where it would, but at last they found themselves close to the beach, and soon crawled, exhausted, upon it.

"At our first coming on land," says one of them, Peter Carder, "we found a little river of sweet and pleasant water, where William Pitcher, my only comfort and companion, although I dissuaded him to the contrary, overdrank himself, being perished before with extreme thirst; and to my unspeakable grief and discomfort, died in half an hour in my presence. I buried him as well as I could in the sand."

Peter Carder, who thus described the death of his last comrade, was now alone in this strange and savage land. It seemed impossible that he should ever see the face of a white man again, or could long survive the rest of the party. But he kept up a stout heart, and, despite the deadly ferocity of the natives, who had killed six of his comrades already, he boldly penetrated the country. After many stirring adventures, Peter reached the interior of Brazil, where he was captured and enslaved by a Portuguese colony. Nine years

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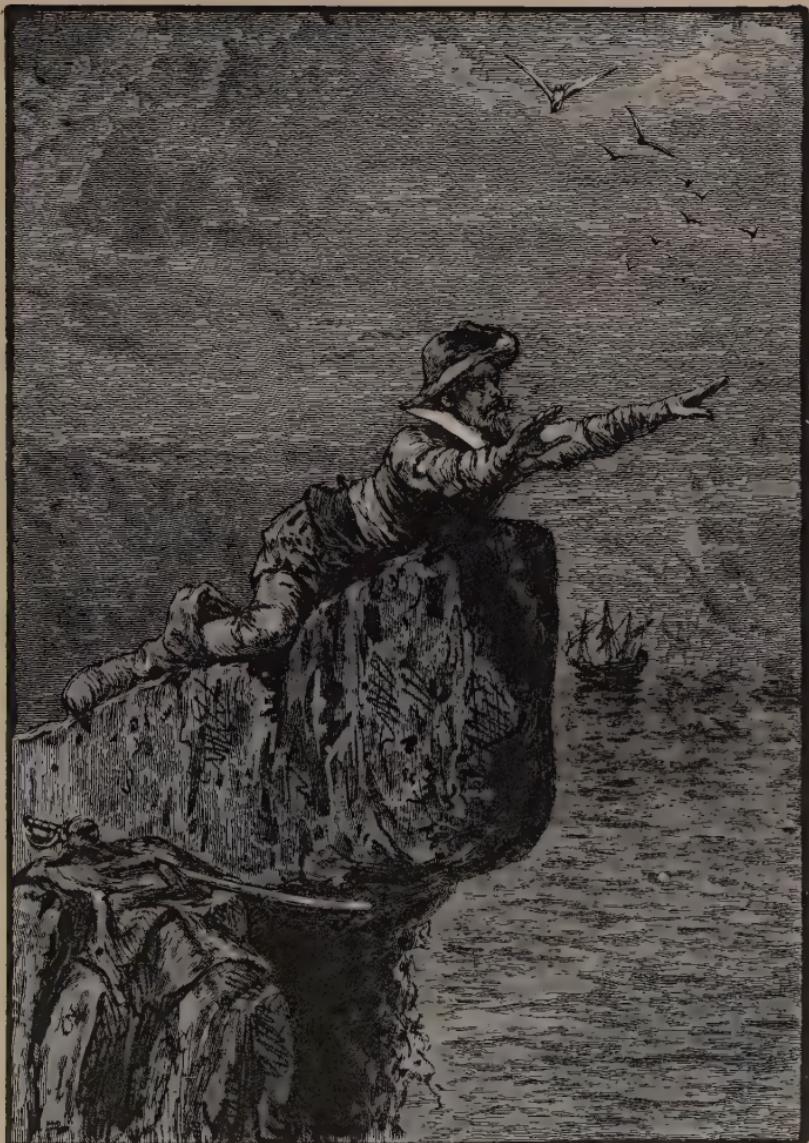
after, he succeeded in recovering his liberty and in returning to England, where he was received by the Queen herself, to whom he related his singular career.

While the men in the shallop were thus meeting their fate, Drake and the “Golden Hind” were still drifting southward. He had at last reached the islands at the extreme south of the South American continent; and here, near the last of the islands, the wind and waves having subsided, he was able to cast anchor in a deep basin, sheltered by a range of lofty cliffs. Drake landed upon the island, and rested with his crew. As soon as he had recovered somewhat from the exhaustion of the voyage, he took it into his head to explore the island. Proceeding to its southernmost extremity, he became convinced that, beyond, there was no further land, but that the ocean rolled thence limitless to the Antarctic pole. This conviction filled him with exultant pride. He advanced to the southernmost cliff, cast himself at full length on its crest, and stretched his arms and body out over the water as far as he safely could.

When he returned to the “Golden Hind,” one of his officers asked him :

“ Captain, where have you been? ”

“ Why,” replied Drake, with a proud smile, “ I have been farther south than any man living.



HE STRETCHED HIS ARMS AND BODY OUT OVER
THE WATER



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I have stood on the southernmost point of land in the world, known or likely to be known.” He had, indeed, stood on the very extremity of Cape Horn.

Undaunted by his disasters, the sturdy navigator was more than ever resolved to search for the north-west passage ; and after naming the islands the “ Elizabethides,” in loyal honour of his sovereign, he once more set sail northward. Fortunately, fair winds from the south now sped him on his way. The stormy season seemed to have come to an end ; and Drake looked forward to fresh adventures with a willing and hopeful heart.

It was the last day of October when he departed from Cape Horn. In a little less than a month he had reached the coast of Chili, and was near the scenes of the conquests of Pizarro. A harbour was soon found ; and from his deck Drake could espy, on the sloping hills in the near distance, cattle and sheep grazing, and corn and potatoes growing. The natives came freely to the shore, and received the presents which Drake lavished upon them with every appearance of delight and gratitude. Supposing them to be friendly, he took a boat, and, with several sailors, made for the shore for the purpose of procuring fresh water. Two of the sailors jumped out of the boat, and were walking

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along the sands, when they were suddenly attacked from an ambush. Those who remained in the boat, including Drake, were assailed by a shower of javelins, stones, and arrows ; and before they could pull away every man was wounded. Drake himself received an arrow in his cheek, and a stone in the side of his face ; and so close did the Indians get to the boat that they were able to snatch several of the oars. It was only by the narrowest chance that its occupants safely reached the “Golden Hind.”

The crew of the ship were greatly enraged at this unprovoked assault, and gathering round Drake, who stood on the deck with bleeding face, they exclaimed :

“ Let us set upon them ! ”

“ Nay,” replied Drake quietly. “ These poor wretches doubtless take us for Spaniards ; and since, if they do, they would be right in having attacked us, we must not punish them for the offence.”

The crew were appeased by these wise and moderate words, and submitted to their brave captain’s counsels.

One day, not long after this, Drake sent out a boat to reconnoitre the shore, which, on the part of the coast where they now were, looked inviting. This boat soon returned, bringing with it a fishing

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canoe, with a native in it. This native, at first frightened out of his wits (for he surmised that he had fallen into the hands of the relentless Spaniards), was soon reassured on learning that his captors were Englishmen. Drake made him sit down on the deck of the "Golden Hind," and offered him refreshments and a few trifling presents. A chopping-knife and a piece of linen cloth especially pleased him; and when Drake asked him to go ashore with one of the ship's boats, and prevail on his countrymen to sell them some provisions, he promptly assented. In this way Drake procured a goodly supply of eggs and fowls; a fat hog was also brought on board. With the returning boat came a native of high rank, who, on learning that the voyagers were not Spaniards, but men who hated the Spaniards, had asked to be taken to the ship. This native proved to be a valuable friend to Drake and his companions. After receiving the best dishes which the "Golden Hind" afforded, he turned to Drake and said in Spanish :

" If you wish, captain, I will gladly serve as your guide. I will conduct you to the rich port of Valparaiso. It is not many leagues southward of this. I can tell you that in that port lies a great Spanish galleon, richly laden with treasures. I should be glad, and so would my countrymen, to

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see you capture her, and seize her precious cargo."

Drake heartily thanked his swarthy friend, and at once resolved to turn his news to good account. The next day the "Golden Hind" spread all sail and passed rapidly down the coast. On arriving off the port of Valparaiso, Drake saw at once that the native had told him the truth. There lay the big galleon, her Spanish flag floating in the breeze, and her huge hulk gently swaying in the harbour. Before the Spaniards were aware of their peril, the "Golden Hind" had swooped down upon the ship. She was captured almost without shedding a drop of blood. Drake and a number of his men boarded her, secured her crew, and searched for her treasure. To his surprise and delight, he found that she contained over twenty-five thousand pounds in gold pieces, besides jewels, goods, and about two thousand large jars of Chili wine. These he appropriated without the least compunction: and having transferred his plunder to the "Golden Hind," he left the Spanish ship where she was.

A bounteous and joyous feast on board the "Golden Hind" followed this brilliant capture. The officers and men revelled in the luxuries which they had long been without, and the sweet Chilian wine flowed like water.

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Drake resolved not to leave Valparaiso before entering the town and searching for more booty. The people hurried out into the country when they saw the Englishmen landing from their boats; and in the deserted houses, and the small, solitary church which stood in their midst, Drake found many objects of gold and silver, besides welcome additions to his supply of provisions.

Drake then generously rewarded the native who had guided him to so much good fortune. He sent a boat to put him on shore at the place where he desired to land, and, as he took his departure, warmly embraced him. The native departed with the most eager protestations of gratitude and friendship for his English benefactors.

On continuing his voyage along the South American coast Drake met with many adventures, suffered some mishaps, and had occasional strokes of good fortune. He had not yet given up all hope of finding the "Marigold" and the "Elizabeth," and imagined that they, as well as he, had sailed northward. As the "Golden Hind" drew too much water to hug the coast, he caused one of his frameworks to be put together into a pinnace, and this kept near the shore, in search of the lost ships. While the pinnace was being constructed near a point of land where the "Golden Hind" had been anchored for the purpose, a party, which

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had gone a little inland to procure fresh water, was suddenly attacked by a body of Spanish cavalry and foot soldiers. They managed to escape, however, with the loss of one man.

On landing at a place called Tarapaza, farther up the coast, some of the men, having gone ashore, suddenly came upon a Spaniard lying sound asleep on the banks of a small stream. By his side, they were surprised to find thirteen heavy bars of solid silver. He and his treasure were at once captured. Going a little further inland, they met another Spaniard and a native boy, driving some sheep. Upon the back of the sheep were some heavy bags, which, when the Englishmen opened them, proved also to contain solid silver bars. All this treasure was speedily conveyed to the "Golden Hind."

A few days after, the voyagers reached a port called Arica, from which stretched out a very lovely and fertile valley which charmed the eyes of Drake and his companions. Two or three small Spanish barques, whose crews were all unsuspectingly on shore, lay in the roadstead; and these the English speedily emptied of all their contents which were worth taking away. The town was a small one, containing only twenty houses, "which we would have ransacked," says one of the voyagers, "if our company had been better and more numerous;

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but our general, contented with the spoil of the ships, put to sea, and sailed for Lima.”

Drake had good reason for this haste. While at Arica he had met with a very intelligent native, who, like all the natives along this coast, detested and feared the Spaniards. This man had told him that a Spanish galleon, laden with a most valuable cargo, was passing slowly up the coast. To catch up with her and capture her was now his first object. Calling his crew together he said :

“My men, there is a great galleon ahead, with a vast treasure. We must overtake her and possess ourselves of her booty. Whichever man of you first espies her, shall receive from me a heavy gold chain and grateful thanks.”

The sailors one and all kept vigilant watch. At last, one morning, just as Drake was going upon deck, his brother, John Drake, rushed breathlessly to him, and pointing to the dim northern horizon, exclaimed :

“ There, master, is the Spanish galleon ! ”

Drake hastened forward, and, sure enough, there were her sails, just visible against the clear morning sky. John Drake was promptly rewarded with the gold chain. The Spanish ship was progressing slowly along the coast. The “ Golden Hind ” put on all sail, and in a few hours had almost caught up with her intended prize. The Spaniards, never

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once surmising that any English ship could be sailing in that part of the world, took the "Golden Hind" for one of their own craft, and, instead of making haste to escape, slackened their leisurely speed, and signalled to the officers of the "Golden Hind" to come on board. When they discovered their mistake, it was too late to resist their assailants. Drake, with a strong body of fully-armed men, boarded the galleon, seized her crew, placed them under the hatches, and quietly took possession of her rich stores of silver and gold. Then, putting the Spaniards ashore, he set the galleon, unarmed, adrift. She was probably dashed to pieces among the breakers in the next storm.

The "Golden Hind" was now stored with an abundant treasure, and a more than ample supply of provisions. Drake began to think of returning home. He had gained wealth for himself and all his companions, and had fulfilled his ambition of passing through the Straits of Magellan, and sailing an English ship in the waters of the Pacific. There seemed to be nothing more to gain by remaining in these remote regions. So he resolved that, as the Spaniards, now fully aware of his presence on the western coast, would take care that he should not return homeward by the way of the Straits, he would lose no time in seeking a way back to England by passing round the American

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continent by the north-west. He little thought how long it would be before he again set foot on his native land, or how many thrilling incidents and narrow escapes would happen before he beheld the white cliffs of old England.

CHAPTER X

ADVENTURES WITH THE INDIANS

ONWARD and northward, under full sail, sped the sturdy ship. Still bent on plunder where it could be seized, Drake's first destination was the port of Lima, the Peruvian capital, which had long been in Spanish hands. He was elated and encouraged by his previous good fortune in making captures, and began to think that nothing could resist his bold attack.

He knew that a messenger had started from Valparaiso by land, to carry news of his presence on the coast to the Spaniards in Lima. But he was sure that, being on the water, he could outstrip the messenger, who would be forced to travel through a savage country, with few roads and amid many perils. He succeeded, indeed, in reaching Lima first; but when he got there he found that the plunder fell far short of his hopes. There were many Spanish vessels in port, and being taken by surprise, they were easily boarded; but, apart from a few cargoes of cloth and general

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merchandise, they proved to contain little worth seizing.

The Spaniards at Lima at first supposed that the "Golden Hind" was a Spanish vessel, which had been taken by some Spanish pirates, and was engaged in piratical depredations. The governor therefore made all haste to pursue, and, if possible, capture her. He never imagined it to be possible for an English vessel to pass the Straits of Magellan.

While he was making his preparations, however, the messenger from Valparaiso arrived and told his story. The discovery that the "Golden Hind" was English inspired the governor to redouble his exertions. He soon raised a force of two thousand horse- and foot-soldiers, and hastened at their head to the port. Out in the offing lay the "Golden Hind," becalmed and unable to sail. Two Spanish ships were at once made ready, and two hundred soldiers were put on board. As, with the advantage of a slight breeze, these ships glided out of the harbour, the capture of Drake seemed inevitable, but at this very moment a welcome gale sprang up from the south. The sails of the "Golden Hind" bulged out and filled; the pursuers, to their dismay and rage, saw her rapidly coursing northward. Drake perceived that if the Spanish ships caught up with him he would have no chance. He could not hope

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to encounter such an array. His only safety was in flight.

Hour after hour the pursuit went on. Sometimes the Spanish ships gained rapidly on the "Golden Hind," and seemed about to press upon her sides. Once or twice they came near enough to do her some damage with their shots. Then she would slip away from them, and leave them far behind.

Perhaps she might, after all, have fallen into their hands, had not the Spanish governor neglected a very necessary precaution. Supposing that he could capture the English ship before she could get a league away from port, he had not thought of storing his vessels with provisions. The pursuit lasted so long that his soldiers became well-nigh famished. If he went on, starvation must in the end defeat his hopes. So he reluctantly gave the order to abandon the pursuit of the "Golden Hind," and to return to port. On again reaching Lima, having not yet given up all hope of taking the English buccaneer, he at once caused three more ships to be equipped, manned, and dispatched in pursuit. Although they made all haste, the Spanish ships failed to overtake the flying vessel.

Drake soon found himself north of the South American continent, and nearing the rugged coast of Nicaragua. He continued to take many prizes;

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and, as he had now an abundance of riches, he only selected for plunder the most valuable contents of the vessels which he captured. He no longer robbed them of their stores of provisions, being satisfied with the gold and silver, the fine silks and linen, which they were found to contain. Meanwhile the little pinnace did good service along the coast, by bringing to the "Golden Hind," from time to time, such luxuries as butter, honey, and fresh fowls and eggs. On one of the ships which he captured Drake was pleased to find a number of charts, which gave him a more accurate idea of the seas in which he was sailing than he had had before; and these proved daily of great service to him.

Every now and then he landed his men and attacked the coastwise towns, in some obtaining valuable booty. As he was now in search of the north-west passage of which he dreamed, his stay in each place was very brief.

It was in the middle of April that Drake, leaving the coast, stretched out to sea, determined now to delay no longer an attempt to find the north-west passage. He resolved that he would not again put ashore until, by stress of weather or want of provisions or water, he should find himself forced to do so. For more than five weeks the "Golden Hind" sailed on to the north-westward, without

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once coming in sight of land. Drake imagined that the Pacific stretched in an unbroken sweep northward to the limit of the North American continent, where he expected to find his passage round it to the Atlantic again. He did not know that the coast of the continent, instead of rising directly northward, stretched off at a wide angle to the north-westward. He had therefore directed his course more and more in a northerly direction as he proceeded.

On the 5th of June he was surprised to see land at his right; and on changing his course and coming near, he found it to be, not a large island, as he at first surmised, but the coast of the mainland. The region thereabout was bleak and forbidding. The coast was low and open. The hills which he saw in the distance were covered with snow. Chilly, dismal fogs overspread the cheerless landscape. The winds were fierce and cutting, and the intense cold caused keen suffering among the crew. Such was the aspect of the coast of what we now call California—in these days a smiling, beautiful, fruitful region—in the midsummer of 1579. After some time spent in searching for a harbour, one was found which must have been some distance south of what we call the Golden Gate, the entrance to the harbour of San Francisco. Here was good anchorage and fair shelter, and the

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"Golden Hind" was moored off a rock-bound shore.

No sooner had she cast anchor than a number of Indians, looking very much as Western Indians do at the present day, flocked down to the shore. They did not seem to entertain the least fear or suspicion of the strangers. Several went to the ship in a canoe, and without any hesitation drew up close under her sides. Then one of them, taller in stature and more gorgeously arrayed and tattooed than the rest, got up in the canoe and began a long speech in his native language. He spoke with great dignity and solemnity. Drake, of course, could not understand anything he said, but he rightly guessed that the Indian was making him an address of welcome and an offer of friendship. This was confirmed when, the next day, the stately savage returned to the ship, and, with much ceremony, deposited a bunch of black feathers at Drake's feet.

The Englishmen soon found themselves on very easy and familiar terms with the Indians. So simple and guileless were the manners of these people that the adventurers, in spite of their experience of the sly perfidy of the South American aborigines, freely trusted themselves among them. They observed with curiosity that the men, for the most part, went completely naked, making up for

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the lack of clothing by painting their faces and bodies all over with strange characters in brilliant colours, and covering their heads with long plumes of gorgeous feathers. The squaws wore petticoats made of twisted rushes, and deerskins round their shoulders. Among other presents brought by these simple natives to the ship was a basket made of rushes, in which were pieces of dried herb, which they called ‘tabak.’ It proved to be what we know as tobacco; but neither Drake nor his men knew the uses to which tobacco has been put by later generations. Drake was surprised to find that, while these Indians were lavish with their gifts, for some reason they appeared unwilling to receive any presents from the newcomers.

Three days after Drake’s arrival in this harbour, a mishap occurred which, if the Indians had proved treacherous, would have resulted in the destruction of the voyagers. The “Golden Hind” sprang a leak. It was necessary without delay to bring her to anchor in more shallow water, and nearer to the shore. This, of course, put her at the mercy of the natives. Drake at once took his measures to save his crew and cargo, and repair the damage. Men were sent on shore to erect tents and provide for their defence by erecting a rude stone wall round them. Fortunately the ship was so moored that

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she could not sink, and the cargo and provisions were safely landed and stored.

While the adventurers were employed in this task, they suddenly heard a great clamour in the brush near by, and presently came a great crowd of Indians, uttering loud yells, and brandishing their hatchets and their lances. The Englishmen were terror-stricken ; they thought that, after all, the Indians had turned traitors, and were about to precipitate themselves upon them. But they were soon reassured. When they had come within a short distance of the camp, the Indians suddenly stopped, and gathering closely together in a semi-circle, made many eager gesticulations, from which the Englishmen at once perceived their intentions were anything but hostile. They seemed, on the contrary, to be struck with awe, and assumed an attitude as if of worship and admiration at the marvellous skill of the strangers. Drake boldly advanced to them, and made signs to them to lay aside their weapons. They caught his meaning at once, and, assuming a posture of submission, laid all their arrows, hatchets, and lances on the ground behind them. More and more Indians kept coming to the spot, and, as they came, laid aside their weapons, gazing with respectful curiosity at the operations of the English.

Before long Drake was able to make them

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understand his motions and signs. He told them in this way that the English were not gods, as they seemed to suppose, but men like themselves. He at last persuaded them to take presents from him, and showing them some suits of clothes, instructed them how to put them on ; whereupon they showed many signs of delight. The Indians were resolved not to be outdone in generosity, and kept bringing into camp a great variety of articles of curious workmanship. Among them were huge bunches of feathers, skilfully bound together with strings made of rushes, finely woven network, quivers adorned with bright-coloured feathers, and many rare and beautiful skins.

Then they invited Drake and his comrades to go and see their homes, an invitation which was eagerly accepted. The English found that their copper-coloured friends dwelt in holes dug in the earth, and surmounted by curious wooden spire-like roofs. The roofs were covered with turf so as to protect the inmates from rain. The dwellings had but a single opening, which served both for a door and a chimney ; to enter, one had to creep in on his hands and knees. Their beds consisted of rushes spread upon the bare ground, and they built their fires in the centre of their huts, lying in a circle round it. The adventurers were amused to observe with what submission and obedience the

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squaws served their husbands. The men were indolent, but the women were active and skilful in their domestic duties.

Many of the doings and customs of the Indians were a source of entertainment to Drake and his men. One morning a large crowd of them appeared on the summit of a hill which overlooked the English camp. A tall and fantastically dressed Indian stood forward in front of the rest, and, stretching his arms toward the camp, began a long, solemn oration. His voice was almost a roar, so loud was it; and as he spoke he made many violent gestures. He talked so fast, moreover, that he had to stop very often to catch his breath. As soon as he had finished, the rest began to bow their bodies almost to the ground, uttering at the same time a loud and prolonged "Oh!" Then, carefully depositing their weapons on the crest of the hill, the men slowly descended, while the women and children remained behind.

As they reached the camp, the Englishmen perceived that each one of them had in his hand a present; and these gifts they laid at the feet of the strangers with every token of the profoundest reverence. While this was being done, the women on the top of the hill began a series of the most singular antics. They writhed and clutched their long black hair; they cried and shrieked

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piteously ; they scratched their dark cheeks till the blood streamed on their breasts ; they tore off the skins which covered their shoulders ; and, casting themselves suddenly on the ground among the stones and briars, furiously lashed themselves.

Drake soon discovered that all this commotion was intended as an act of worship. The Indians, in spite of all he had told them, still believed that the English were gods, and took this violent way of testifying their faith. When they had ceased their cries and contortions, Drake called upon all his company to kneel in prayer ; “ and by signs in lifting up our eyes and hands to heaven,” says one of the voyagers, “ we signified unto them that that God whom we did serve, and whom they ought to worship, was above. In the time of which prayers, singing of psalms, and reading of certain chapters of the Bible, they sat very attentively ; and at the end of every pause, with one voice still cried ‘ Oh ! ’ greatly rejoicing in our exercises. They took such pleasure in our singing of psalms, that whensoever they resorted to us their first request was commonly this, ‘ Gnaah ! ’ by which they entreated that we would sing.”

Not long after these events, the voyagers received a visit from the king of this tribe, who dwelt some distance in the interior. The king had at first feared to go to the English camp, lest they

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should capture him and plunder his dominions. But his fears were allayed by their friendly treatment of his subjects, and he descended the hill in great state, surrounded by a long train of his principal men.

Foremost in this motley procession marched a very tall Indian who solemnly bore the royal mace, rudely carved in black wood, and four or five feet long. On the mace were hung two curious-looking crowns and three long chains. The crowns were of knitted work, in which were wrought feathers fantastically arranged. The chains were fashioned from bone, and made in small links. Just behind this Indian, who seemed to be a sort of marshal, came the copper-coloured monarch himself, wearing upon his head a knitted cap, and on his shoulder a long, glistening skin, which extended to his waist. Around him moved his body-guard, consisting of tall and brawny Indians, wearing vari-coloured skins, and bearing weapons in their hands; while their heads fairly bristled with white, red, and deep-blue feathers. After the guard flock'd a host of Indians of the commoner sort, many of them being completely naked, their long, straight, black hair being gathered in a thick bunch at the back of the head. The faces of this quaint multitude shone with paint of every colour, daubed on in the most grotesque and uncouth lines and

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figures. The women carried round baskets, full of roots and herbs.

Drake took the precaution to order his men to arm themselves, lest by any chance foul play might be intended. He caused them to stand in close ranks, and to await the coming of the king. As the dark potentate descended the hill, he and all his attendants made a profound bow. Then he turned and muttered something to his marshal, who repeated the unintelligible words in a loud voice and with many gestures. The marshal ended this harangue with a weird song, which he bellowed forth at the top of his voice, at the same time prancing around with many strange antics. Soon the whole multitude of Indians began to dance, in that manner approaching Drake and his comrades, and, being invited by Drake's signs, they fearlessly entered the enclosure.

On being seated within, the Indian king proceeded, with a long oration, to offer Drake the friendship of his kingdom, and even declared that the Indians should become the vassals of the English. He said that the Englishman's God should be his God also. Then rising, he began to caper and dance round Drake, and the other Indians followed his example. The king put a crown upon Drake's head, and threw one of his heavy chains round his neck. This strange cere-

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mony over, the royal party left the camp, and as, in the fast-deepening twilight, they swarmed up the hill, they began once more to shriek and groan, and utter loud and piercing yells, until their hoarse voices grew faint in the distance.

CHAPTER XI

DRAKE CROSSES THE PACIFIC

DRAKE'S stay among these North American Indians, who inhabited what we call California, was full of pleasant and interesting events. The more he saw of this simple savage folk, the more he liked their ways and character. They freely came to the English with all their troubles, for they believed the strangers to be all-knowing. In illness, they repaired to the camp to be cured, and begged that the Englishmen would touch or blow upon their diseased parts, having all faith that this would restore them to health again. The Englishmen disabused them of this idea, and showed them that lotions and plasters were much more effective.

After a while Indians were to be seen about the camp every day; on every third day they came in a multitude, bringing their quaint gifts and performing their ceremonies of reverence. Often they joined the adventurers in their meals, taking especial delight in the cooked fish and

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clams which daily supplied the table of the camp.

The Englishmen narrowly observed their habits and customs; one of them thus set down what he noted concerning their characteristics: "They are a people," he wrote, "of a tractable, free, and loving nature, without guile or treachery. Their bows and arrows (their principal weapons, and almost all their wealth) they use very skilfully; but yet do no very great harm with them, being by reason of their weakness more fit for children than for men; for they send the arrows neither far off, nor with any great force. Yet the men are commonly so strong of body, that that which two or three of our men could hardly bear, one of them would take upon his back, and without trouble take it easily away, up hill and down hill an English mile together. They are also exceedingly swift in running, and of long continuance; and are so accustomed to it that they seldom walk, but for the most part run. One thing we observed in them with admiration: that, if at any time they chanced to see a fish so near the shore that they might reach the place without swimming, they would never, or very seldom, miss catching it."

The same voyager described the manner in which the Indians lived, and the features of the

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country in that vicinity. "Our general," he says, "with his gentlemen and many of his company, made a journey up into the land to see the manner of their dwellings, and to be better acquainted with the nature and commodities of the country. Their houses were many of them in one place, making several villages here and there. The country inland we found to be very different from the shore; a goodly country with a fruitful soil, stored with many blessings fit for the use of man. Infinite was the multitude of large and fat deer which we saw by thousands in herds; besides a multitude of a strange kind of conies, by far exceeding the deer in number. The heads and bodies of these conies were but small; their tails, like the tail of a rat, very long; and their feet like the paws of a mole. Under their chins on either side they had bags, into which they gathered their meat, that they might with it feed their young. The people ate the bodies of these conies, and made great account of their skins. The king's holiday coat was made of one of them."

Toward the latter part of July, Drake, having repaired the "Golden Hind" and restored her cargo, began to think of once more setting sail. But before taking his departure from the American coast, he wished to take possession of it in Queen Elizabeth's name, and to leave some memento of

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his stay there. He accordingly caused a large brass plate to be engraven with the Queen's name, and with a declaration that he had taken possession of the coast and that it was an appanage of the English crown. The date of his sojourn was added to the plate; and a hole was cut in it, in which a sixpence, bearing the Queen's picture and coat-of-arms, was fixed as in a frame. This plate was securely nailed to a high, stout post, not far from the place where the English had first landed on the coast.

When the Indians heard that their new-found friends were about to leave them, their grief betrayed itself in many wild and touching demonstrations. They seemed to lose all the mirth and activity which had marked their intercourse with the Englishmen, and wandered about the camp sighing with heavy hearts, moaning, groaning, shedding tears, and wringing their hands. By many eager signs, they implored Drake and his companions to bear them in mind, and told them how rejoiced they would be to see the Englishmen on their shores again. Then they prepared a sacrifice, which consisted of burning heaps of feathers and long chains made of bone; but the Englishmen, who looked upon this as idolatrous, tried to dissuade them from continuing it. The Indians at first refused to do so; but when the Englishmen

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began to pray and sing psalms, the Indians deserted their sacrificial fires, which they allowed to go out, and beginning to imitate the Englishmen, clasped their hands, and rolled their eyes up heavenward, as they saw them do.

On the 23rd of July the “Golden Hind” weighed anchor and slowly glided out of the harbour. The Indians were gathered in a dense body on the hill-top, presenting a strange and fantastic sight with their skins and feathers and glaringly painted bodies. They built bonfires in all directions, in token of farewell; and soon the hill seemed almost like a great blazing furnace. Drake and his officers, as they receded from the bay, stood on deck, and waved their hats until the hill, with its multitude and its fires, disappeared from view.

For a few days the ship skirted the coast in a northerly direction. Drake still hoped to reach the north-west passage of which he had dreamed, but he found, to his chagrin, that the farther he progressed the more bleak and intensely cold became the weather. Indeed, the cold was so extreme, and the heavy winds were so cutting, that it was fast becoming impossible to go further northward.

With a sorrowful heart, he at last abandoned the idea of seeking for a north-west passage; and

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now considered what he should do. To return by way of South America and the Straits of Magellan would be rash, and perhaps fatal. The Spaniards were all apprised of his presence in the Pacific, and were undoubtedly watching sharply for him. He could not hope to reach the Straits without being pursued and attacked by an overwhelming force of his bitter enemies. If the Spaniards captured him they would give him no quarter.

The only other route back to Europe lay across the vast Pacific, through the Asiatic seas and islands and round the Cape of Good Hope. Happily Drake had carefully studied the accounts of the famous voyage of Magellan round the world. He had with him these narratives, and the rude charts which showed the course which Magellan had taken. Now for the first time it flashed across the dauntless navigator's mind that he too might encompass the globe, and that the "Golden Hind" might be the first English ship to traverse the entire circumference of the earth!

But to leave the American coast altogether, and to launch out upon the ocean, without hope of seeing land until the islands off the coast of Asia were reached, was an undertaking which required more ample preparation than Drake had made at his last sojourning place. He therefore resolved,

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before setting forth, to make for a group of islands quite near the coast, which he saw at some distance away, and to put in stores of provisions which would last during the long and uncertain voyage he had now made up his mind to undertake. This done, the "Golden Hind," about the 1st of August, turned her course westward, in the direction of the Asiatic seas.

The voyage across the Pacific proved quick and prosperous. The ocean for once justified its gentle name; for Drake and his comrades were assailed by but few storms, and these were mild and brief. The ship was sixty-eight days out of sight of land. On the last day of September the welcome sight of islands at last met their view.

No sooner had the "Golden Hind" approached near the green sloping shores of these than Drake, who was gazing eagerly over the side, perceived a large number of curious-looking canoes swarming over the water. Presently he saw that these canoes were approaching the ship; and soon several of them were close alongside. He then noticed that the boats were made of a tree, hollowed so smoothly that they shone with a gloss inside and out. The prows and sterns were high and semicircular, and hung with strings of many-shaped shells. The men in the canoes had, it

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appeared, brought out fish, potatoes, coconuts, and fruits to sell to the voyagers. It was evident that they were quite used to Europeans; for they showed no fear, and their first thought was to make a good trade. But they soon proved very different in their natures from the North American Indians. They were ugly-looking fellows, and the Englishmen observed that “the lower part of their ears were cut round, and hung down very low upon their cheeks, wherein they hung things of a considerable weight. The nails on the fingers of some of them were at least an inch long, and their teeth were as black as pitch.”

While the natives traded with the new-comers, they began to urge Drake to bring the “Golden Hind” nearer to the shore. Drake, however, suspecting their good faith, refused to do so, and the natives, having finished their trading, returned to the islands. The next day another fleet of canoes came out to the ship with more provisions. But these, after receiving some of the cloth and other articles which Drake offered them in exchange for their commodities, refused to give anything in return, and at last rowed off, angry because the Englishmen finally refused to trade with them any longer.

Their true character now betrayed itself. After they had pulled away a short distance, Drake saw

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a number of them suddenly rise in their canoes. In another moment a shower of stones rattled on the deck and against the sides of the ship. They had brought these stones in the bottom of their canoes, intending, if they were not pleased, to make this attack. The crew, indignant at this treacherous conduct, besought Drake to fire a volley among them. But Drake had read how Magellan had met his fate by treating the natives of these Asiatic islands with imprudent severity. He therefore ordered that one of the cannon should be discharged, not at the canoes, but over the heads of the natives, that they might be frightened but not hurt. This expedient had the desired effect. The natives, scared out of their wits by the deafening explosion, leaped frantically out of their canoes, and diving under their keels, kept them in the place where they were until the "Golden Hind" had moved some distance away. Then they clambered into their canoes again, and made for the shore in all haste. The "Golden Hind" now proceeded on her way, daily passing among the islands which cluster thickly in those waters, and occasionally stopping off their shores and bartering with their inhabitants. In this way she made, first, the island of Mindanao, in the Philippine Islands, and then Talaut. Drake was careful not to approach too nearly those islands in

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which he suspected any Portuguese to be, but sought as well as he could those whose natives were hostile to the Portuguese.

On the 3rd of November he came at last in sight of the famous Moluccas, where some of Magellan's most thrilling adventures had taken place. Here, above all, it was necessary to beware of the Portuguese, for they had settlements in more than one of the Moluccas. Happily, Drake received due warning of the danger he would run if he put in at the large island of Tidore, where he at first thought of making harbour.

As he was directing his course toward this island, he was accosted by a canoe which had suddenly pushed out from a little island along whose shores the "Golden Hind" was coasting. In the canoe came a native of rank, who signalled that he wished to board the ship. On mounting to the deck—which he did without any signs of fear—he announced himself as the governor of the island from which he had just come, and told Drake that its people were the subjects of the powerful King of Ternate. With many expressive gestures, he warned Drake by no means to put in at Tidore, where the Portuguese would certainly give him foul play, but to go to Ternate, the sovereign of which would welcome him with all honour and hospitality. The governor added that he himself

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would go that very night to Ternate, and carry to the king the news of Drake's arrival. The king, he said, was a bitter foe of the Portuguese, and would receive their enemies as his good friends.

Drake was convinced that the governor spoke in perfect good faith ; and, knowing well the jealousy and ill-will which the Portuguese bore the English, made up his mind promptly to follow the governor's advice. The course of the "Golden Hind" was therefore diverted from Tidore, and directed toward the island of Ternate. About dawn the next morning she came to anchor a short distance from the shore of that island ; and Drake sent a messenger in a boat, to apprise the potentate of his arrival, and to present him, as a token of good will, with a rich velvet cloak. Meanwhile the native governor, true to his promise, had gone to Ternate, and had told the king that Drake was coming, and that he belonged to the mighty realm of England. The messenger had scarcely set his foot on land, when he met the governor and a number of the king's nobles and councillors going down to the shore. They were on their way to deliver a friendly message from the king to Drake. They told the messenger that the king was willing that the English should traffic with his subjects as freely as they pleased, and that he

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would himself soon visit the ship in token of his friendship and confidence. Then the governor gave the messenger one of the king's rings, to be carried to Drake.

The messenger asked the royal party to conduct him to the king's presence, to which they willingly assented ; when he had reached the royal dwelling, the swarthy monarch received him with many cordial signs of welcome. Early the next morning —the messenger having meanwhile remained with the natives in their village overnight—the King of Ternate paid his visit to the "Golden Hind." He went in great state and ceremony, attended by a fleet of barges and canoes. In advance of the royal barge itself floated three large canoes, the prows and sterns of which curved fantastically upward, and were planed so that they appeared smooth and polished. In these were seated a number of the highest personages of the island kingdom, attired in the quaint costumes of their rank. They wore cloaks of fine white cloth, and some of them looked grave and reverend with their matted white locks, and flowing snowy beards. Over their heads was spread a canopy formed of broad mats, which was upheld by slender posts of reeds. These nobles sat according to their rank, the highest in rank occupying the places nearest the bows.

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“The rest of the men,” says one of the voyagers, “were soldiers, who stood in comely order round about on both sides; on the outside of whom sat the rowers in galleries, which were three on each side the entire length of the canoes, built one above the other. In each of these galleries was an equal number of benches, whereon the rowers sat, about eighty in each canoe. In the forepart of each canoe sat two men, the one holding a tablet, the other a piece of brass, whereon they both struck at once; and observing a due time and reasonable space between each stroke, by the sound thereof directed the rowers to keep their stroke with their oars. The rowers ended each stroke with a song, and thus gave warning to the others to strike again; and so the canoes sped over the waves with marvellous swiftness. Neither were these canoes unfurnished with warlike munitions. They had each of them at least one small cast piece, about a yard in length, mounted upon a stock which was set upright; besides which, every man except the rowers had his sword, target, and dagger, and some of them other weapons, such as lances, bows, arrows, and many darts.”

When this formidable array reached the “Golden Hind,” the barges slowly rowed completely round her, one behind the other; and as they glided along, the dark-featured and white-

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bearded nobles arose from their seats, with solemn countenances, and bowed almost down to the seats. Presently one of the canoes stopped, and Drake's messenger mounted from it on board the ship. He advanced to Drake, who was standing on deck attired in his best suit, and surrounded by his chief officers, and said that he had been told to announce that the King of Ternate was at hand. At this moment, the royal barge was seen fast approaching. Surrounding the royal personage was a group of his highest nobles, more conspicuously dressed than those who had come before.

Drake observed the king with great curiosity. When he arose in his barge to salute the strangers, he appeared very tall and quite corpulent, but strong and compact of body. His face wore a dignified yet gracious expression; his heavy beard flowed far down on his breast. The Englishmen noticed that when he rose all the rest of the occupants of the barge kneeled down, and remained in that posture until the king had resumed his seat.

As the royal barge came alongside the "Golden Hind," it was welcomed by quickly succeeding volleys from the cannon, and the loud blowing of trumpets and clamour of cymbals, while the little band of musicians on the deck struck up some lively airs. The dusky monarch, as soon as he heard the music, bent over with a pleased expression, and

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listened attentively till the band ceased. Then he manifested his delight by grimaces and the clapping of his hands, and begged that the musicians might come nearer. So they got into a small boat, and going to the royal barge, joined it: and then, rowing round the ship, at the same time towing the barge behind them, continued to play their choicest airs, to the amusement and delight of all the assembled natives. When this gay performance was over, the king gave Drake to understand that, with the barges and canoes, he would tow the “Golden Hind” into a better anchorage, nearer the shore of the island. Drake assenting, the boats were attached to the ship, and slowly guided her into a little bay, where she could come to anchor in good shelter amid pleasant surroundings.

The king and his courtiers and soldiers now bade the Englishmen adieu with many friendly demonstrations, the dusky monarch promising to return on the morrow and to go on board the “Golden Hind.” Meanwhile Drake and his comrades seized the opportunity to replenish their supply of provisions by trading with the natives, who now gathered along the shore with such products as they had to sell. They brought a large quantity of rice (the favourite food with dwellers in those climes), hens, sugar-cane, sugar,

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figs, coconuts, plantains, cloves, and sago meal. All these things were most welcome to the voyagers, who found that the natives were equally pleased with the cloth and trinkets which they were offered in exchange.

CHAPTER XII

DRAKE IN THE ASIATIC SEAS

AT the appointed time on the following day, Drake was on the look-out for his royal guest. Much to his surprise, the king failed to make his appearance. After waiting a long time, Drake saw a canoe approaching. It proved to contain, not the king, but his brother. This worthy, on coming alongside, made an apology for the king's failure to keep his promise, and on the king's part entreated Drake to go ashore and visit him instead. For the first time, Drake began to suspect that the ruler of Ternate might not be so friendly to the Englishmen as he had appeared. He prudently refused to accept the king's invitation; but, unwilling needlessly to offend him, he sent several of his officers ashore with a kind message. The officers landed, and, guided by the king's brother, soon came in sight of the large but rudely constructed building which served as the royal palace. They were met by some of the nobles, who conducted them to the palace, round which they

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perceived, with some misgivings, a large multitude of the natives assembled. But the natives manifested no disposition to harm them, and they soon lost their apprehension when they saw with what deference and distinction they were welcomed by the swarthy multitude.

On coming near the rude palace, they observed that it was built in the form of a square, the sides being open, and the roof supported by many slender reeds. Round about the courtyard were ranged seats ; and at one side stood the royal chair of state, with a canopy of brilliantly-coloured cloth overhanging it. Within the space between the seats was gathered a stately array of the chief men of Ternate. The king's councillors, in their long white cloaks, were grouped in the centre of the square ; in the background, a large company of young men of noble rank, "comely in person and attire," were gathered ; while just outside, by the entrance, stood four old men, with long-flowing white beards, wearing red gowns which swept the ground, and having capacious turbans on their heads. These proved to be foreign merchants, who had come to Ternate for the purposes of trade. Besides these groups, the Englishmen saw, in the crowd, several Turks, an Italian, and a Spaniard who had escaped from the Portuguese and was now serving in the army of the swarthy king.

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Scarcely had they time to notice these things, when the king himself, attended by eight or ten of his courtiers, and walking beneath a rich canopy embossed with gold, entered the building. The Englishmen made him a low obeisance, which he returned with a pleasant smile, taking his seat on the chair of state. The monarch was “of low voice, temperate in speech, of kingly demeanour, and a Moor by nation.” His guests observed that his attire was far more sumptuous than that of any of his court; “from the waist to the ground was all cloth of gold, very rich; his legs were bare, but on his feet were red leather shoes; in the gear of his head were wreathed divers rings of plated gold, an inch or more in breadth, which made a fair and princely show, somewhat resembling a crown in form. About his neck he had a chain of perfect gold; the links were large, and one fold double. On his left hand were a diamond, an emerald, a ruby, and a turquoise—four very fair and perfect jewels; on his right hand, in one ring, a very large turquoise, and in another ring many diamonds of a smaller size. As he thus sat in his chair of state, a page stood at his right hand with a costly fan, richly embroidered with sapphires, with which, it being very hot, he fanned and thus refreshed the king.”

Drake’s messengers approached the potentate
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and delivered their message, and they soon perceived that the king either did not wish or did not dare to molest them. He received them with a smile, and replied graciously to the message with which they had been entrusted.

They then retired from the royal presence, and were regaled in homely but cordial fashion by some of the chief men. Before taking their departure from the castle, they were able to observe it closely. They saw that it was not strongly defended, having but two small cannon, which the islanders had taken from the Portuguese ; nor were these mounted for use. They learned that this building had been erected by the Portuguese when they had possession of the island. It appeared that the Portuguese had conquered it some years before, by a ferocious assault, in which many of the chief nobles had been slaughtered, and many houses destroyed. The king, the father of the reigning monarch, had been murdered ; and the Portuguese had lorded it over the conquered race with cruel tyranny. The princes had been made prisoners, and had been in like manner doomed to death. The natives rose in their wrath one day, and drove the tyrants from their soil. In this revolt they were joined by swarms of other natives from the many islands round about, which were under the dominion of the King of Ternate. The

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Portuguese had been taken so completely by surprise that they had fled precipitately, leaving their goods, ammunition, and other effects behind them. They had landed at the large neighbouring island of Tidore, where they still were at the time of Drake's visit. The King of Ternate now ruled over nearly a hundred islands in these seas, and was at this very moment preparing an expedition against the Portuguese in Tidore.

The Englishmen noted with curiosity that the islanders were Mohammedans, and were very abstemious in their habits. They often passed the entire day without eating a morsel, making up for this fast by taking three hearty meals during the night.

Several days after the return of this embassy to the "Golden Hind," a boat came from the island to the ship, bringing in it a man who expressed a very ardent desire to talk with the commander. Permission was at once given to the new-comer to come on board the "Golden Hind." Drake, who had, of course, expected to see only the ordinary islander, was greatly surprised to behold, bending before him in graceful salutation, a tall, dignified personage, whose European dress and courtly bearing showed not the faintest kinship to the people of Ternate.

Indeed, the stranger's yellow skin, long, narrow,

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almond-shaped eyes, and gleaming white teeth, as well as his more cultivated and stately manners, proved him to be of quite a different race and clime from the swarthy denizens of these southern seas. This striking person had brought with him several richly-apparelled attendants, and an interpreter who, strange to say, could speak and understand English. Drake begged his visitor to sit beside him on the deck, which the stranger at once acceded to with much ease of manner. He then proceeded to tell an interesting story of himself, through his interpreter.

It seemed that he was in reality a Chinaman, of princely rank and blood. He was a relative of the Chinese king Bonog. Not long before he had committed a crime which, in China, was punishable with death. But his relative, the king, took pity on him, and told him that his life would be spared on one condition. He must depart from China without delay, and must travel far and wide. If, in his travels, he should gather any valuable intelligence of which the king had never before heard, and should return and impart it to the king, he should receive a full pardon for his offence. But if he again set foot in China without fulfilling this condition, his life would be at once forfeited.

The Chinaman added that he had heard from the people in Ternate of Drake's arrival, and of

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his wonderful voyage across the vast seas ; and that, if he could carry back an account of this voyage to the King of China he was sure the news would be of sufficient novelty and importance to secure his liberty.

Drake was amused at the seriousness and solemnity of his almond-eyed guest, and being convinced of his entire sincerity, willingly complied with his desire. As the commander described his many adventures, mishaps and discoveries, his perils of shipwreck, his captures of treasure, his intercourse with the barbarous natives of many and strange lands, his fights with the Spaniards, the Chinaman listened with eyes and mouth wide open ; every now and then lifting his hands, and making an exclamation of amazement. He had never heard so thrilling a story of the sea ; and when Drake told him, moreover, of the might and power of England and the greatness of Queen Elizabeth, the Chinaman eagerly expressed his admiration. Every word which fell from Drake's lips evidently impressed itself upon the Chinaman's mind. When the tale was done, he clapped his hands, and exclaimed with delight that it was so new and so wonderful, that he was sure, by relating it to his king, of receiving a prompt pardon for his crime.

The Chinaman now looked upon Drake with awe as the greatest hero he had ever seen, and

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began to urge him to visit China before returning home. He told Drake how ancient, powerful, and wealthy the vast realm of China was ; of how many great provinces and swarming cities it could boast : of its magnificent temples and its mighty armaments. He described the guns and cannon of which the Chinese were possessed, and how they had used brass cannon there for at least two thousand years, so exact in their aim that they would hit a small coin at a long distance. The Chinaman offered to go with Drake and conduct him to the king, and show him all the marvels of his rich and populous empire.

Drake was at first much tempted to yield to his visitor's entreaties. He had heard of the vast wealth and civilization of the Chinese, and he knew that to carry to England an account of his visit there would give him increased honour and fame. But, on second thoughts, he decided that he must resist the alluring prospect. He had already been away from home many months. He had accomplished his audacious purpose of sailing an English ship in the Pacific, and of encountering the hated Spaniards in waters they had long boasted as exclusively their own. His ship bore a goodly treasure ; and he had successfully overcome every obstacle, so far, to his passage completely round the globe. His companions too were beginning

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to sigh for the rest and comfort of home. They longed once more to behold their families and friends, and to enjoy at ease the gains they had secured.

The Chinaman, therefore, was obliged to take leave of Drake with a somewhat disappointed heart, but he went off rejoicing that at least the story of Drake's adventures would secure him a safe return to China.

Having supplied the "Golden Hind" with fresh stores of provisions, Drake at last set sail from the harbour of Ternate on the 9th of November. That harbour had not proved a suitable one for making the repairs which the ship now sorely needed, so Drake proceeded in search of an uninhabited island, where he might anchor and complete his repairs without fear of disturbance. A few days' sail brought him to just such an island as he was seeking.

Here the men went on shore and pitched their tents, entrenching them so that they might be secure from a surprise, for they had caught sight of a number of suspicious-looking natives on a larger island, a short distance off. The cargo of the "Golden Hind" was taken out and deposited in the tents, and a smith's forge was set up near the shore. As the coal they had brought with them had long before been exhausted, they were forced to use

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charcoal for the forge. While the hulk of the ship was being repaired, the large casks which were used to hold the fresh water were taken on shore and strongly re-hooped. Some of the men resorted to a neighbouring island for a supply of water, and the casks, having been repaired, were filled and restored to the ship.

The island proved to be so pleasant, and the rest afforded by being on shore was so grateful, that Drake could not find it in his heart to hurry his weary companions away to sea again. Hence the adventurers remained some days upon the island, and, wandering freely over its fields and amid its smiling valleys, they saw many things which interested them, the while they acquired new vigour and spirits for their rough homeward voyage. The island was covered with noble forests, amid whose branches, in the dark night, the Englishmen were surprised to see myriads of fire-flies gleaming and flashing. They also saw—what was quite strange to them—many large bats, which, one of them says, “were as big as hens, and flew with marvellous swiftness. But their flight was very short; and when they lit, they hung only by the bows, with their backs downward.”

They also found a species of enormous land crabs, which proved very nice to the taste, “one of which was sufficient to satisfy four hungry men

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at a dinner. They are utter strangers to the sea, living always on the land, where they dig huge caves under the roots of big trees, and lodge themselves there together in companies." Several weeks spent on this lovely island served to restore health, vigour, and spirits to the weather-beaten voyagers ; and on the 12th of December Drake took advantage of a favourable breeze and once more set out on his westward course.. Often the "Golden Hind" became so entangled in the many islands and treacherous shoals, that she was forced to put in at such convenient harbours as she found. "In all our passage from England," says one of the voyagers, "we never had more trouble in keeping ourselves afloat, and from sticking on the shoals."

At last it seemed as if they had emerged from this perilous labyrinth, and a good wind sped them south-westward ; but one night, while the "Golden Hind" was gliding under full sails, suddenly the men on board felt a violent shock and shiver. All hands were on deck in a moment. Drake at once perceived that his good ship had struck on a jagged shelving rock. It seemed as if they were doomed to an immediate shipwreck. The lanterns betrayed that the ship was in a most dangerous position : it seemed quite impossible that she could ever be got off the reef. The crew were in terror and despair, and with one accord fell

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on their knees on the deck, and began to pray fervently, expecting every moment that the “Golden Hind” would go to pieces, and that they would find themselves struggling amid the angry breakers.

Drake, however, kept up a stout heart. Instead of bewailing what seemed the impending doom, he coolly gave orders here and there, and himself went from end to end of the vessel, to judge of her situation as accurately as possible.

“To the pumps, my men,” he cried, cheerily, “to the pumps!”

The men sprang to obey the order with a will. They perceived, with reviving hope, that as yet the ship showed no signs of breaking up. As they plied the pumps with desperate vigour, Drake went below to see if any dangerous leaks had been sprung by the collision. Returning to the deck with a light step, he shouted :

“Courage, men! There is no leak; we may yet be saved!”

He then passed along to the stern, and climbed over into one of the boats which had just been lowered. Proceeding a little way from the ship, he began to take soundings; so that, if an anchor could be fixed, the ship might be gradually drawn from the rock. A few yards off he found, much to his disappointment, that he could not touch

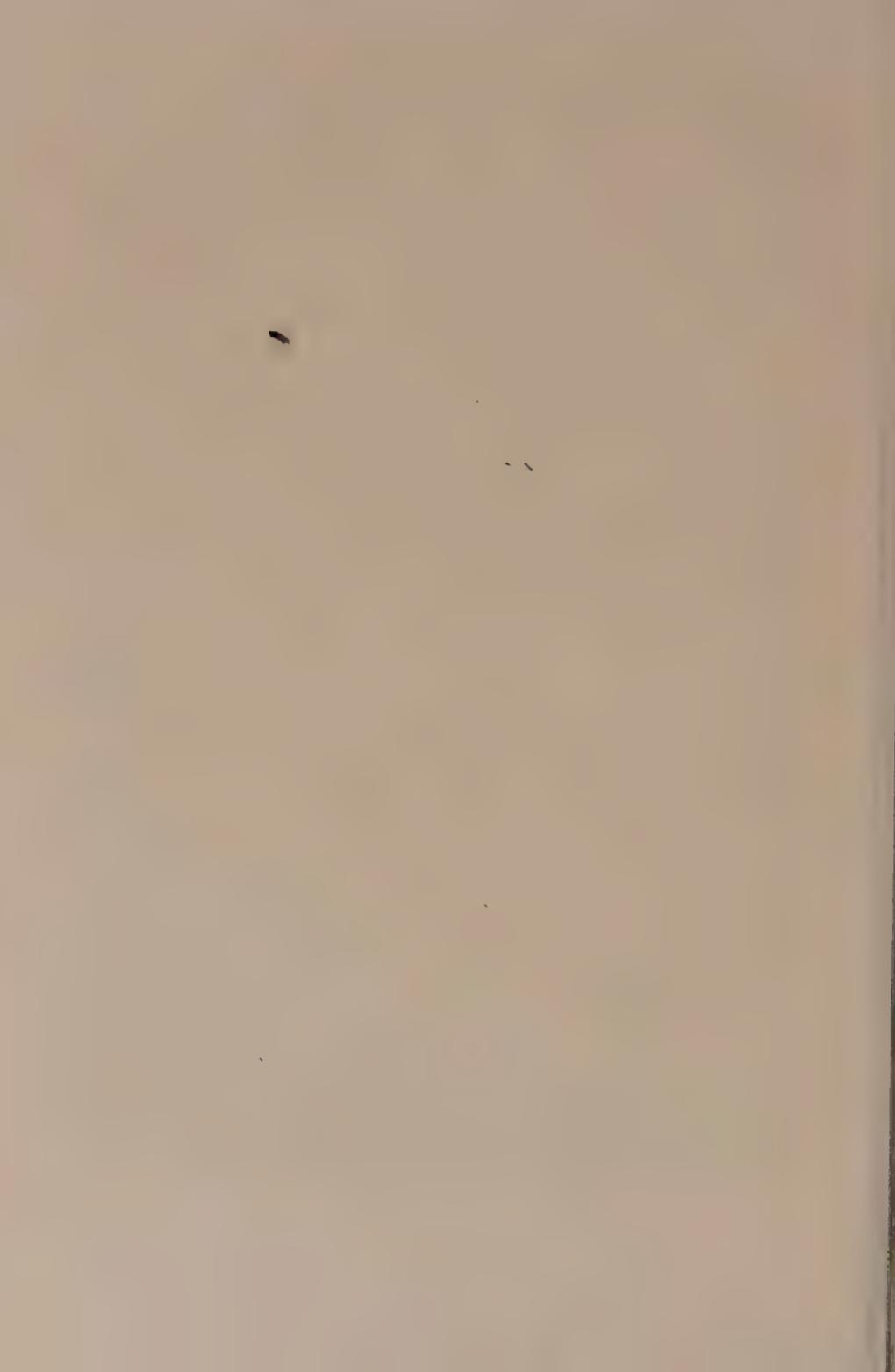
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bottom, and that there was no chance to fasten an anchor. He was forced to return to the ship and to await the coming of daylight. The night passed in miserable anxiety. Every lurch, every gale of wind, seemed about to prove the destruction of all on board. The men watched and prayed, and more than once gave themselves up to despairing lamentations.

Drake kept his post with grim and silent courage. He never allowed a word or sound of fear or grief to escape him. He never lost hope. As the long hours dragged their weary length, he waited patiently for the dawn. At last—it seemed like a month—the dim grey light spread over the scene, and soon glowed with the yellow tinge of the rising sun. Just now the tide was ebbing fast, and the ship was left in only six feet of water; while so heavily was she laden that it required at least thirteen feet to float her. It seemed that nothing could save her; that as soon as the waters had fully receded, she must topple over and be dashed to splinters. But at this critical juncture the elements themselves came to the rescue of the imperilled voyagers. A stiff and steady breeze came up and blew strongly against that side of the ship toward which she would otherwise have lurched over; and this breeze, never once slackening, held her upright in her position on the rock. A second



OVER WENT THE BAGS OF MEAL



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search for a bottom on which to drag the anchor proved as unavailing as the first.

Drake now summoned his men in a group on deck. Calling the chaplain, he asked him to offer up an earnest prayer for their safety. When the men rose from this act of devotion, Drake said :

“ Now my men, one last mighty effort to save ourselves ! Go some of you to the hold ; take some of the bags of meal, and overboard with them. Others of you, unfasten the guns, and pitch them into the sea. Yet others, take our store of cloves, and give them to the fishes.”

No sooner was the order given than the men obeyed. Over went the bags of meal, eight of the cannon, and three tons of cloves. But even this lightening of the cargo did not avail. The ship stuck fast. But, happily, no leak was yet sprung. Drake had now to decide whether he would abandon the “ Golden Hind ” to her fate, and, taking to the boats with his companions, trust to the dangers of the sea and of savages, or stay by her to the last. He sternly resolved that it was better to perish where they were, than to run the risk of such miseries as would surely await them if they took to the boats. To stay by the ship was not only to risk destruction by drowning, but death by starvation ; for the sacrifice of the meal had sadly reduced their store of provisions, and they

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could not hope to live many days upon what was left.

When they were in the most bitter despair, suddenly an event occurred which effected their deliverance. The “Golden Hind” had stuck in the cleft of a rock, on her larboard side. Just as the tide had gone out, the gale which held her upright fell to almost a dead calm. The ship, being no longer held up by the wind, gave a heave and reeled over to her side. At this moment, when she appeared on the very point of going to pieces, the voyagers, to their amazement and unutterable joy, found that she was floating quietly in deep water!

The shock of lurching over had loosened her keel, and she had slipped out of the cleft into the depths just beyond, in the nick of time to save her from utter shipwreck. Although they had escaped this terrible danger, and were able to proceed once more on their way, the voyagers were not yet done with the perils of the sea. For nearly a month they continued to be tossed about amid shoals and reefs, and to these dangers were added those of the violent storms which, every few days, assailed them. At last, however, they were relieved to find themselves beyond this perilous region; and it was with great delight that they anchored at the beautiful and fruitful island of Booton. There

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Drake and his companions were regaled with lemons, cucumbers and coconuts, and were able to put in stores of ginger, pepper, nutmegs, and sago. They found the inhabitants of the island very mild and friendly, “of handsome body and comely stature, of civil demeanour, very just in their dealings, and courteous to strangers.” It was refreshing to find such a place and such a people, after the hardships through which they had passed. These natives appeared very glad to see the Englishmen, and cheerfully ready to relieve all their needs and make them comfortable. The men went naked, except that they wore a band, or belt, about the middle, and a covering on the head; while one and all wore some kind of ear-ring. As for the women, they wore a sort of gown from their waists to the ground, and on their naked arms they displayed curious bracelets of bone, horn, and brass. Some had as many as nine bracelets on each arm.

It was while the “Golden Hind” was in this region that Drake had to perform a painful but necessary task. The chaplain of the ship, Francis Fletcher, had been guilty of several serious offences, and had betrayed a malicious ill-feeling toward his commander. Drake, resolved to maintain discipline even in the case of a clergyman, one morning summoned Fletcher before him. He ordered the

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chaplain to be fastened by one of his legs to a staple in the hatches of the forecastle. Then he summoned the entire crew, who gathered around with wondering eyes. Sitting on a chest with his legs crossed, Drake pointed to Fletcher in his humiliating position, and declared to his company that he was about to excommunicate the chaplain. Then, addressing Fletcher in a solemn voice, Drake said, “ Francis Fletcher, I do here excommunicate thee out of the Church of God, and from all the benefits and graces thereof ; and I do denounce thee to the devil and all his angels. I charge thee, on pain of death, not to come before the mast ; for if thou dost, thou shalt be hanged.”

Drake then caused a small label to be fastened to Fletcher’s right arm, on which were written these stinging words :

“ Francis Fletcher, the falsest knave that liveth.”

Fletcher, with pale face and drooping head, was then led away.

CHAPTER XIII

ROUND THE GLOBE

AFTER leaving Booton, where the adventurers had met with so pleasant a welcome, and had so fully refreshed themselves, the "Golden Hind," on the 12th of March, came in sight of the great island of Java, then, as now, noted for its beauty and fertility, the mildness of its climate, and the bounty of its productions. She anchored in the harbour of what appeared to be a very thriving and prosperous native town; and there took in water, and sent a boat ashore to find out if the people were disposed to traffic with the new-comers. The next morning, finding that the natives, like those of Booton, were amiably disposed, and quite willing to enter into friendly relations with the English, Drake paved the way for this by sending to the ruling prince a liberal present of silk, linen, and woollen fabrics. The prince promptly responded by returning a boatful of rice, coconuts, and fowls, which proved most welcome. The day after, emboldened by the prince's evident goodwill,

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Drake himself ventured on shore with his little band of musicians, and a picked company of his men. He proceeded to the prince's house, and being cordially greeted, caused his musicians to play some lively airs. With this the natives, who gathered round to listen, were greatly delighted, and were still more so when Drake ordered his soldiers to show off their skill with their swords, pikes, and bows.

It appeared that the entire island was under the dominion of one king, but that it was divided into four provinces, which were governed by princes or rajahs, each of whom was independent of the others. Strange to say, these four princes, so far from always quarrelling and making war upon each other, as semi-barbarous potentates elsewhere did, lived in mutual peace and friendship. They never encroached upon each other's rights, but often visited on the most cordial terms, and when attacked from without, eagerly joined their armies to repel the invasion.

These princes soon heard of Drake's arrival; and a few days after, three of them came on board the "Golden Hind," bringing provisions and other presents, and examining with much curiosity the structure of the ship, and its means of defence. They announced to Drake that Raia Donan, the king of the whole island, their common master,

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would soon come to see him ; and Drake made preparations to receive this chief potentate with all the honours due to his importance. Meanwhile, not a day passed that the three princes did not make their appearance on the “Golden Hind,” where they were lavishly entertained with the best that the good ship afforded.

The great king, Raia Donan, at last arrived, attended by a numerous escort, and followed by his three subject princes. He proceeded to the “Golden Hind” in a handsome barge ; and when he ascended, with his company, to the deck, Drake invited him to a seat in the middle of the ship. There he sat, surrounded by his princes and courtiers, while Drake ordered the musicians to discourse English music for his royal guest’s amusement. The king was a venerable, mild-featured man, with a flowing white beard, and an enormous white turban on his head. When the musicians had finished, the king and princes manifested their pleasure by many vivacious signs ; then the king ordered his own musicians, who had come with him on board, to strike up. They made such weird, unheard-of sounds, that the Englishmen were very much diverted. “It was a music of a very strange kind,” says one of them, “yet the sound was pleasant and delightful.” After these recreations, the king caused a huge ox to be

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brought, which he presented to Drake, who acknowledged the gift with a present of costly silks.

Drake then led the king through every part of the “Golden Hind.” He showed him where and how the provisions and treasures were stored, his armoury of weapons, his cannon and the way in which they were managed, the musical instruments, and all the trappings and conveniences of the cabins.

After the departure of Raia Donan and his retinue, the men went to work with a will, trimming and washing the ship. Meanwhile, the traffic with the natives went prosperously on. An abundance of fowl, coconuts, plantains, goats, and other victuals, was laid in, and plenty of fresh water supplied to the casks. Drake found the people, as well as the rulers of Java, very pleasing and attractive. They were evidently of affectionate, frank, and honest dispositions; at the same time they were stalwart in figure, bold and warlike in temper, and intelligent far beyond the natives of the islands he had hitherto visited. Their principal weapons and armour were swords, daggers, and bucklers; their swords, especially, being very skilfully tempered, with finely adorned handles. The Javans went naked to their middles, whence flowed to their feet a brightly-coloured silk gown.

They had one custom which inspired Drake’s

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admiration. In each of the villages there stood a kind of public hall, where all the inhabitants were wont to meet twice every day, and take their meals in common. These daily feasts were full of gay good cheer, the people chatting vivaciously as they ate, and acting toward each other in the most familiar and friendly way. Each one contributed something—either fruit, or rice, or roast fowl, or coconuts—to the common table; which, raised about three feet from the ground, was always crowded with a merry company.

“They boiled their rice,” says one of the voyagers, “in an earthen pot, made in the form of a sugar loaf, being full of holes like the pots with which we water our gardens. It was open at the larger end, and they put their rice in it dry. Meanwhile, they had ready another great earthen pot, set fast in a furnace, full of boiling water, in which they put their pot of rice, so that the rice, swelling, became soft at first, and by swelling stopped the holes in the pot, and allowed no more water to enter. The more it was boiled, the harder and firmer in substance it became; so that in the end it was a good and firm bread, of which with oil, butter, sugar, and other spices, they made divers sorts of dishes very pleasant of taste and nourishing to nature.”

Departing from Java, Drake made straight for

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the Cape of Good Hope; and reached that point on the 15th of June, having touched at no place and met with no mishap on the way. He had always heard of the terrible dangers which threatened the ships which doubled the Cape. The Portuguese had pictured them in the darkest colours, in order to deter rival fleets from attempting the task. But Drake disdained their tales, as much as he had done the warnings of the Spanish as to the Straits of Magellan. On approaching the Cape, he put forth all his skill as a hardy and veteran navigator; and although the weather was most tempestuous at times, on the day that the "Golden Hind" rounded the Cape the sea was smooth and the sky bright. "It was," the adventurers declared, "the most stately thing and the goodliest cape seen in the circumference of the whole earth," and proved to them that in their description of its perils the Portuguese were "most false."

Drake resisted the temptation to put in near the Cape of Good Hope. Happily, the provisions and water stored at Java held out well, and the little ship, tempest-tossed as she was, stood the stress of the voyage most sturdily. Without pausing on the South African coast, Drake steered his course directly for Sierra Leone, off the coast of Guinea; a region with which he had long been familiar.

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Casting anchor there at the wide mouth of a river, the men landed to procure water and fish. They found, to their delight, a great abundance of delicious oysters, upon which they feasted with eager relish. In the valley, too, they gathered a quantity of lemons, which, after their long sea voyage, proved most grateful and refreshing.

Setting out from Sierra Leone about the first of August, the “Golden Hind” made good speed and prosperous way to the Canary Islands, which was her next halting-place. The weather-worn adventurers began to feel that they were at last nearing old England; and, as they sailed northward, grew more and more impatient to reach their final destination. They no longer wished to linger in the havens and on the islands where they put in, and their stay at the Canary Islands was very brief. Proceeding thence on the 22nd of August, the “Golden Hind,” amid fair weather and favourable breezes, ploughed on northward. Soon the northern edge of Africa was passed; the sunny hills of Spain appeared and faded in the distance; the boisterous Bay of Biscay was safely crossed; and then the grey chalk-cliffs of England appeared in sight.

It was on the early morning of the 26th of September, 1580, that the “Golden Hind,” after a voyage extending over nearly three years, swung

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into that same Plymouth Harbour whence she had set out. The voyagers thought that the day of their arrival was a Sunday, and were at first much surprised to find that it was really Monday. Drake called to mind that the same mystery as to the day had occurred to Magellan's crew, on their return from the first voyage round the world. As yet, men had not discovered the reason for the loss of twenty-four hours in sailing westward through the entire circumference of the earth.

It may well be imagined that the arrival of the heroic Drake and his fellow-adventurers was welcomed with great joy and enthusiasm throughout England. He was now the most famous of living English navigators. The tale of his exploits, perils, and discoveries thrilled the heart of a people proud of their prowess and seamanship. He, the first Englishman to do so, had encompassed the entire globe. He had defied danger in almost every form. He had dealt terrible blows upon the Spanish foes of his native land. He had seen many strange places and peoples. He had made numerous important discoveries. He had brought home ample and precious treasure. He had returned rich, a conqueror, and an illustrious pioneer.

No sooner was the "Golden Hind" moored in the roadstead of Plymouth than the first thought of the voyagers was to render up their gratitude in

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prayer to God. They were thankful to God, as one of them says, “ for seeing His wonders in the deep, discovering so many admirable things, going through so many strange adventures, escaping out of so many dangers, and overcoming so many difficulties in thus our encompassing of this nether globe, and passing round about the world.”

It is no wonder that noisy crowds welcomed them with cheers and greetings as they at last set foot on English soil. The cannon boomed from all the ships which were clustered in the harbour; and the flags and pennons floated joyously at their mast-heads. The weather-beaten men scattered speedily to their homes; and Drake once more embraced his family and friends.

He did not, however, linger long at Plymouth. The news of his coming had quickly spread, and had reached London and the royal court. Everywhere the rejoicings were great and enthusiastic, and nowhere more so than among the chief advisers of Queen Elizabeth. Drake went to London, and was at once surrounded by a host of admirers. Great nobles and haughty courtiers honoured him, and lavished their praises upon him. Everywhere he went, he was cheered, pointed out, and stared at as the hero of the voyage round the world. Poets wrote odes in celebration of his achievements, and he tasted all the sweets of high renown.

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There were some, however, who, even amid all this chorus of adulation, murmured against the way in which Drake had acquired his treasures, and denounced him, though not very loudly, as nothing better than a pirate. This was perfectly true ; his career had been that of a ruthless corsair and buccaneer. He had seized gold and appropriated it purely by reason of superior force. But in those days such acts were not sternly censured. People thought rather of the glory and power which Drake had won for England, than of the piratical means he had employed to amass wealth. Nor were they sorry that he should have robbed the ships, and taken to himself the golden gains, of the detested Spaniards.

It was not long after Drake's arrival in London that he was received at the royal court. Elizabeth welcomed him with warm words of praise, and listened with deep interest to his bluntly-spoken tale. At first the Maiden Queen was reluctant to bestow upon the tough old navigator the honours which his countrymen thought he deserved. She had been inclined to listen to the few courtiers who looked upon him as a pirate. Besides, with her usual caution, she feared that an open token of her favour would at once bring about a war with Spain. This she wished if possible to avoid, and at all events she was not yet prepared for such a conflict. The

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Spanish King, indeed, was already clamouring with angry words against the way in which Drake had robbed and destroyed his ships on the South American coast. It was necessary for Elizabeth to play a sly game; to pretend that she disapproved of Drake's conduct, until all was ready to meet Spain in battle on equal terms. She therefore ordered that the treasure he had brought home should be seized by her officers, and kept until the time came when it might safely be restored to its captors.

A few months after the arrival of the "Golden Hind" the Queen resolved that she would no longer defer paying Drake the tribute which she believed to be his due. The "Golden Hind" had now been brought round to Deptford, and moored in a safe anchorage in a creek. One morning, the Queen sent word to Drake that she would ere long pay him a visit in state on board his ship. Drake was filled with proud delight at this announcement. Though himself a plain, rough man, he was exceedingly fond of show. He liked to see and take part in magnificent displays. Accordingly, he caused every lavish preparation to be made for the worthy reception of the Queen on the "Golden Hind." The storm-tossed little ship was repaired, polished up, and rigged with every device which her commander could invent.

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A splendid banquet, with every ornament and palatable luxury which wealth could command, was got ready ; and Drake himself procured a rich new velvet suit, in which to appear before the sovereign as her host.

On the appointed day—the 14th of April—Elizabeth set out with a gorgeous train from London for Deptford. As she progressed through the smiling country, just arrayed in its bright apparel of spring, vast concourses of people, clustering by the roadside, greeted her with their loyal applause. At one place, as the royal cavalcade was crossing an ancient bridge, so great was the crowd that, a moment after the Queen herself had reached the farther side, the bridge suddenly gave way. In a moment there was terrified confusion. Several hundred people had fallen into the stream below, and were frantically struggling to reach either shore. Fortunately, however, not a single person was drowned, nor did any receive so much as a serious hurt. Elizabeth said, with a smile, that this was all owing to Drake's good luck.

Drake received the Queen with all due honour on board the “Golden Hind,” and led the way to the banquet table, where he sat by Elizabeth's side. Right cheerily did the company of courtiers and voyagers feast that day, and many were the witty sayings and bursts of laughter which circled round

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the bounteous board. When all the good things had been fully enjoyed, and the half-empty dishes had been removed, the Queen turned to Drake, and amid the silence of the company, thus addressed him : “ Francis Drake, we entrusted a sword to thy keeping till we demanded it of thee again. We now command thee to deliver it up, in the manner in which thou didst receive it from our hands.”

Drake rose from his chair, and unbuckling the sword (which he had always worn), and kneeling, held it out in its scabbard to the Queen.

Elizabeth took it, looked at it with keen eyes, and then slowly drew the weapon from the scabbard. Turning again to Drake and pointing to the sword, she said :

“ This sword, Drake, might still serve thee though thou has carried it round the globe. But ere we return it to thee, it must render us a service.”

Taking a step backward, with head erect and her slight form drawn up to its full height, the Queen slowly raised the sword. Drake was still kneeling, with uncovered head, at her feet. Gently and with solemn dignity she tapped the sword on Drake’s shoulder, and in a clear voice said :

“ Rise, Sir Francis Drake.”

At this, all the company loudly clapped their hands, and manifested their pleasure. Drake, with

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blushing features, rose, now a knight of England, and was at once surrounded by his delighted friends.

Having thus conferred a high and signal honour on her host, Queen Elizabeth soon after took her departure for London, while the new knight remained to join in the revels which that night were held on board the "Golden Hind."

CHAPTER XIV

SEA-BATTLES IN THE WEST INDIES

DRAKE was now not only a man of rank, but rich, famous, with great influence over the men of his time, and immensely popular with his countrymen. He had become one of the conspicuous figures of his age; and henceforth his history was to be closely connected with that of England. Honours flowed upon him without stint. Queen Elizabeth ordered that the good ship "Golden Hind" should be carefully preserved at Deptford as a relic of Drake's wonderful voyage; and when, after the passage of years, the ship went to decay, she was broken up, and from her soundest plank a chair was made, and deposited at the University of Oxford. There it is still to be seen.

Long afterward, the poet Cowley thus celebrated the exploits of the historic craft :

The stars above will make thee known,
If man were silent here;
The Sun himself cannot forget
His fellow-traveller.

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Many stories about Drake circulated from mouth to mouth through England. There were many ignorant folks who attributed to the intrepid voyager the powers of magic. It was said that Drake had only circumnavigated the globe by the aid of miraculous arts. There was a story that Drake's wife (whom he had married before setting forth on his long voyage) at last despaired of his ever returning to England. She was young, wealthy, and childless; and, after many months had passed without a word of news from her sailor husband, she was said to have yielded her consent to a new suitor for her hand. The day of her wedding came; and the supposed widow, arraying herself for the second time as a bride, repaired to church to be married to her new husband. But, as the story went, one of Drake's obedient sprites carried him the news: whereupon he loaded a cannon, and, firing straight through the earth, sent the ball whizzing through the church, just as the rites were about to begin:

"That comes from Drake!" cried the bride in alarm.

"From Drake it cannot be," replied the groom.

"Yes," she replied; "and, as he lives, there must be neither troth nor ring between thee and me!"

Such powers did the superstition of the common

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people give to the great explorer, whose achievements seemed to them quite as amazing as the supposed miracles of magic.

Drake was destined to return home just in time to witness the outbreak of the long-delayed hostilities between England and Spain. His fate forbade him rest, or the indolent enjoyment of his wealth. Very soon after the events narrated in the preceding chapter, Queen Elizabeth made a treaty with the Dutch, who had revolted against their Spanish rulers, and thus brought England into plainly hostile collision with King Philip. War could not now be far off; and both nations began active preparations for the rapidly approaching struggle.

It was Drake's fortune to take the lead in an expedition which turned out to be the first blow struck in the war. His prowess and seamanship had been amply proved, and the Queen hastened to avail herself of his services. A fleet was speedily collected for the purpose of openly assailing the Spanish colonies in American waters. Twenty-five good-sized ships, of which two were royal men-of-war, constituted the armament; and these were supplied with twenty-three hundred soldiers and sailors. Drake was appointed admiral of the fleet; and under him were sea-warriors as noted as Martin Frobisher, Francis Knollys, and Christo-

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pher Carlile. When the fleet was about to set sail, the gallant Sir Philip Sidney, the most graceful, brave, and chivalrous cavalier of Queen Elizabeth's court, and a warm friend of Drake, became very eager to accompany it on its perilous venture. But Queen Elizabeth, as ever imperious and despotic, sternly forbade him, at the same time paying Sir Philip Sidney a splendid compliment.

"I will not," she declared, "risk the loss of the jewel of my crown."

On the 14th of September, 1585, Drake's fleet set sail from the Thames, and at first pursued its course toward the coast of Spain. But Drake could find no pretext for making a direct attack upon Philip's kingdom, and soon turned southward, and sailed for the Cape Verde Islands. Arriving there, Drake lost no time in making an attack. Under cover of the night, he landed with one thousand men, took the town of St Jago, and proceeded to sack it. The booty obtained proved of little value. He advanced into the interior, where he stormed and captured a large town. Now for the first time the Portuguese, who had held these towns, rallied and hung with a large force about the invaders. Drake caused St Domingo to be burned, and then, returning with his men to the ships, set sail without delay for the West Indies, which were his chief destination.

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The Atlantic was crossed without accident, and the fleet, keeping close together, at last approached the rich and populous Spanish settlement of St Domingo, on the island of that name. Drake at once resolved that this should be his first point of attack upon the possessions of the arrogant power which was now defying England in Europe. Anchoring his fleet off the town, he held a council of war with the captains on board the flag-ship. It was resolved that a large force should be landed under cover of the darkness on one side of the town, while the fleet approached near enough on the other to bombard it with their cannon. This plan was promptly put in execution. Just before dawn on New Year's Day 1586 several companies of soldiers took to the boats, and effected a landing without obstacle at a point ten miles west of St Domingo. They quietly formed on the shore, and dividing into two battalions, advanced upon the town. Above it loomed the grim and well-guarded castle, bristling with its cannon, and supplied with a Spanish garrison. When they had come within a short distance, the English battalions separated, and made a rush for the two gates on that side. Before the garrison in the castle could be aroused, or its guns manned, the two gates had been burst open, and the English, swords in hand, were advancing rapidly to the heart of the town.

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Meanwhile the fleet drew near and opened its fire upon the castle from the other side. But as the event proved, the aid of the ships was not needed by the gallant English bands who had made the land assault. The two battalions joined each other in the market-place ; and by this time a complete panic had seized the Spanish defenders of St Domingo. They scampered out of the town as fast as their legs could carry them ; while the castle garrison, seeing the enemy entrenched and barricaded in the market-place, made haste to abandon their post, and hurried away in boats to the other end of the island. The English in the market-place at once erected an impromptu fort, and made ready to repel an attack ; but none was made upon them.

The next day they were reinforced from the ships, the admiral himself going ashore with a fresh company. The market-place was converted into a fortress so strong that the Spaniards decided that it was useless to attempt to recapture the town.

Drake's purpose now was to secure a heavy ransom from the Spaniards ; so, while he held the town in his iron grip, he sent to the Spanish camp outside to inform them of the terms upon which he would retire. The Spaniards for a long time refused to pay the ransom which he imperiously demanded. Then Drake ordered his men to plunder the town, and after having collected all

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that they could find worth preserving, to set fire to its buildings. These were for the most part lofty and imposing edifices of stone ; and the work of destroying them was a slow one. Finally the Spaniards, who saw with despair the gradual destruction of their proud little town proceeding day by day, yielded to Drake's severe demand. They sent him the ransom of twenty-five thousand ducats ; whereupon he withdrew his soldiers to the ships, and soon after took his departure.

An anecdote of Drake's sojourn at St Domingo, which strikingly shows the stern energy of his character, is thus told : " A negro boy, sent by Drake with a flag of truce to the leading people while the negotiation for ransom was going on, was met by some Spanish officers, who furiously struck at him, and afterward pierced him through with a horseman's spear. Dreadfully wounded as he was, the poor boy tried to crawl back to his master ; and, while relating the cruel treatment he had received, fell down and expired at Drake's feet. The insult offered to his flag of truce, and the barbarous treatment of the lad, roused the admiral to the highest pitch of indignation. He commanded the provost-marshal, with a guard, to carry two unfortunate monks, who had been made prisoners, to the place where his flag was violated, there to be hanged. Another prisoner shared the

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same fate: and a message was sent to the Spaniards, announcing that until the persons guilty of this breach of the law of nations were given up, two Spanish prisoners should suffer daily. The next day the offenders were sent in; and to make their ~~merited~~ punishment the more ignominious and exemplary, their own countrymen were forced to become their executioners."

Sailing from St Domingo, the fleet proceeded to another opulent Spanish settlement, the town of Cartagena. This place proved to be more strongly defended than St Domingo. The Spanish commander, Alonzo Bravo, was a soldier of experience and desperate courage. He resolved to hold out against his assailants to the last. But the attack on the citadel in which Bravo was posted with his garrison was made, as at St Domingo, both by land and water. On the land side, Captain Carlile led a storming force against the ramparts of the doomed town; while Drake brought the fleet close to the citadel in the harbour. The struggle was hot and long-continued. But the English proved too much for the defenders of the town. Carlile soon succeeded in effecting an entrance; but Bravo so desperately stood his ground, that he only yielded when he found himself a prisoner. Drake took complete possession of the town, and quartered his soldiers in the best houses. These

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were plundered without compunction, while a portion of the town was ruthlessly burned.

Meanwhile a calamity overtook the Englishmen which caused them to depart as suddenly from Cartagena as they had come. Many of the men were attacked by a dangerous fever, called the 'calenture.' It was a most violent distemper, which, at its height, plunged the victims into a furious delirium, in the midst of which they often expired. When the fever left the sufferer, he became weak and idiotic, having lost his memory and often his reason. Day by day Drake saw his faithful followers dying of this fearful malady, and ere long its victims numbered several hundred. He therefore greatly reduced the amount of the ransom he had demanded of the Spaniards, and, accepting eleven thousand ducats, made haste to depart from a place where so heavy a misfortune had befallen him.

At first he thought of crossing the Gulf of Mexico and attacking Nombre de Dios, which he had pillaged years before. But he finally resolved to abandon this design, and to set sail for the Florida coast. Many Spanish settlements were now planted on this southernmost point of the North American shores, and presented a tempting object of attack. Drake soon reached the oldest of these settlements, at St Augustine; and he did

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not hesitate to sack and burn both this town and St Helena. Then his fleet advanced northward along the coast as far as Virginia. Here Drake, to his great delight, discovered the survivors of the English colony, under Lane, which had been planted in Virginia by Raleigh the year before. He promptly rescued these unfortunate men, giving them comfortable quarters on his own ship.

Drake's fleet returned to England in the mid-summer of 1586. He brought home with him, as prizes and treasures, no less than two hundred brass and forty iron cannon, captured from the Spaniards; and over sixty thousand pounds in money. Of this large sum, which was then worth more than double what a similar sum would be worth in our own day, one-third was divided among the common soldiers and sailors, and the rest among the superior officers of the fleet.

The arrival home of Drake just at this time was especially fortunate for England and for himself. He found both the court and the country in a great state of excitement and preparation. News had come that King Philip of Spain was getting ready a powerful fleet with which to invade England and for ever destroy her naval prowess. Queen Elizabeth was much disturbed at this intelligence; and English pluck and patriotism were fully aroused

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in the determination to avert the impending blow of her arrogant enemy. The merchants of London had been among the first to take measures with this object in view. When Drake returned he found that these merchants had, at their own expense, purchased and completely fitted up a fleet of six vessels. This fleet was not, of course, equal to an encounter with Philip's great armament. It was intended merely to harass the Spaniards. Drake was promptly chosen as its commander; and he thus no sooner found himself ashore once more, than he was called upon to undertake a fresh venture, more exciting and more perilous than that which he had just concluded.

He promptly accepted the new duty thus imposed upon him. Queen Elizabeth added four ships to those equipped by the London merchants, and Drake thus set forth in command of a fleet of ten sturdy vessels. His first destination was the busy Spanish port of Cadiz. The voyage thither was so rapidly made that the first hint which the Spaniards had of the sailing of the fleet was its appearance off Cadiz Harbour. Philip's great fleet was as yet in no condition for warfare, even in defence. Drake gallantly led his fleet straight in among the Spanish shipping in the harbour. Right and left he fiercely attacked not only the merchantmen, but the men-of-war which were waiting to

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take part in Philip's proposed invasion of England. The Spanish ships fought bravely and desperately, but they had been taken by surprise, and could not cope with their furious assailant. The people of the city could only look on helplessly, and witness with despair the burning and sinking of the lordly galleons of which they had been so proud. In a day and two nights no less than ten thousand tons' burden of Spanish shipping had been destroyed by Drake's fleet, and thus a blow had been dealt at the naval strength of Spain which rendered King Philip powerless for a whole year to put his plan of invasion into effect.

Drake's object had now been accomplished. But he was by no means satisfied with having dealt so fell a blow at the Spanish enemy. His fleet was intact, and his men were flushed with victory, and eager for fresh exploits. His old instincts of plunder and gain were rekindled. He thought of the public-spirited merchants of London, and made up his mind that he would try a stroke which might reward them for their generosity in raising the fleet. He had heard that a richly laden Portuguese galleon, the "St Philip," was just now on its way to the Azores. The Portuguese were at this time the close friends and allies of Spain, and had always been hostile to and jealous of England's prowess on the sea. So Drake resolved

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that he would direct his course to the Azores, and, if possible, capture the brilliant prize.

The voyage to the islands was a slow and stormy one. The crews suffered greatly for want of water and provisions. Once or twice the tempests rose to such furious heights that the men began to lose their spirit, and to clamour to return home. But Drake never quailed before the prospect of starvation, or the wrath of the elements. He promptly suppressed the murmurs of discontent, and kept grimly on his way. Not long after the arrival of the fleet, amid many privations, at the Azores, sure enough the “St Philip” hove in sight. To surround and capture her was not a very difficult task, and Drake had the satisfaction of finding that her cargo was quite as precious as he had been led to expect. She proved, indeed, the richest prize he had ever taken. He exultingly declared that the very name of the galleon—which was also that of the Spanish King—was an augury of the coming triumph of England.

With the “St Philip” in tow the fleet now returned home, and was received on its arrival with every demonstration of popular joy. Drake was welcomed with fresh honours at the royal court, and the London merchants were rejoiced to receive back, from the prize, a portion of the sums they had spent in fitting out the fleet. Drake boasted

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proudly that he had “singed the Spanish King’s beard.”

The rage of King Philip, indeed, at the blows which he had received from the intrepid navigator, passed all bounds. He sent an arrogant message to the English Queen by his ambassador, which, as was the custom of the age, was conveyed in a Latin verse. Translated, the message ran thus :

These to you are our commands :
Send no help to the Netherlands.
Of the treasure seized by Drake,
Restitution you must make,
And those abbeys build anew
Which your fathers overthrew.

The brave Elizabeth sent back a reply quite as proud and spirited.

Drake now tasted, for a few months, the sweets of repose. He retired to Plymouth, where, with his wife and friends, he enjoyed his hard-earned wealth and fame. He took an active interest in the affairs of the thriving town, and among other benefits which he conferred upon it was the introduction of water into its streets, at a large expense, from springs eight miles away.

A time soon came when his country more than ever needed his grim energy and his valiant arm ; and he eagerly set forth again in answer to her summons.

CHAPTER XV

THE SPANISH ARMADA

ALTHOUGH Drake's exploits at Cadiz had seriously crippled the Spanish navy, and had postponed Philip's cherished project of invading England, they had not rendered him wholly powerless. Within a year, the ravages upon his fleet had been repaired ; and while Drake was taking his ease with his friends at Plymouth, he heard tidings, every now and then, of the formidable preparations which were being made by the Spanish King. The time was fast approaching when Philip would be ready to put his arrogant plan into execution. The English were meanwhile busy collecting and fitting up their ships of war, and strengthening the defences of the coast. Drake knew that when the moment of conflict came, his services would be demanded by the Queen ; and he held himself always ready to respond to the royal summons.

One day a message came to Drake to proceed in all haste to London. On his arrival there, he found all the principal admirals and naval officers

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assembled. Startling news had arrived. It was declared that the Spanish fleet had already set out, and was under full sail for the English Channel. This fleet, it was said, consisted of no less than one hundred and fifty men-of-war; of these, twelve were named after the twelve apostles. The Duke of Medina Sidonia commanded as grand admiral. Among his vice-admirals were several sea-warriors of great renown; of these, the most conspicuous was Martin Recalde, who was second in command. The famous soldier Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, was said to be at the head of thirty thousand men at Bruges, in Flanders, ready to co-operate at the right moment with the Spanish fleet against England.

The first step taken by Queen Elizabeth was to despatch Lord Henry Seymour with a fleet of forty sail to the Flemish coast, to hold the Duke of Parma in check. Lord Howard of Effingham was appointed admiral of the main English fleet, and Drake was chosen as his second in command. The other vice-admirals were Sir John Hawkins and Sir Martin Frobisher.

These four naval heroes now repaired to Plymouth, which had been selected as the rendezvous of the fleet. In Plymouth Harbour the scene was a lively and bustling one. Day after day the stately men-of-war glided one by one into

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the roadstead; while the harbour was full of smaller craft, plying to and fro, and crossing and recrossing each other's tracks. The plan was to await the Spanish fleet at Plymouth, and while it was passing up the Channel, fall furiously upon its flanks and rear with the English ships.

The four famous commanders were close friends. While waiting for the moment of conflict, and supervising the assemblage and equipment of the fleet, they employed many leisure hours in the sturdy recreations of the time.

One day they were engaged in an exciting game of bowls, on Plymouth Hoe. The party was a large one, consisting of Lord Howard, Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, Sir Richard Grenville, Sir Walter Raleigh, and the mayor of Plymouth. Just as the pastime was at its height, a man came hastening upon the ground. It proved to be the captain of a Scotch privateer, named Fleming. His face was red with running, and he was so breathless that at first he could scarcely speak. The bowlers stopped, and gathering round him, asked him what tidings he brought.

"The Spanish fleet," he replied between his gasps, "is e'en now off the Cornish coast. I have just come from thence in my cruiser, and saw them plainly, flags flying, with my own eyes."

At this alarming news, Lord Howard and

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Hawkins began to hurry out of the field in the direction of the harbour. But Drake called to them to stop.

"Nay, gentlemen," said he, "let us go on with the game. There's plenty of time to finish it, and to beat the Spaniards afterward."

Howard and Hawkins returned, and sure enough the game went steadily on until it was finished. When it had been lost and won, the admirals repaired to the fleet and gave orders to make immediate preparations for the proposed attack. It was at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th of July, 1588, that Fleming brought the news of the arrival of the Spanish Armada. By noon the next day Howard's fleet was manned, ranged in line, and ready to sally forth. Just at that hour, the stately procession of the great Spanish galleons hove in sight, floating slowly and proudly up the Channel in the form of a crescent, and stretching over a space of seven miles.

It was a sight to daunt the bravest soul; but the stout English sea-warriors were only impatient and eager for the fray. The Armada was allowed to pass Plymouth Harbour unmolested, and to sail some distance farther eastward. The next morning, however—the 21st of July—Howard resolved to begin his assault. He first sent forward a pinnace, called the "Defiance," to worry the rear

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of the Armada. No sooner had the shots from the “Defiance” been heard than Drake boldly sallied forth in the “Revenge,” and furiously attacked the Spanish squadron commanded by Recalde. This squadron had lagged behind the rest of the Armada, and, being thus furiously set upon by Drake, hastened to rejoin the main Spanish fleet. While Drake was not yet prepared to attack the entire Armada, he did not remain inactive. An incident which occurred just as the sun was setting gave him a chance of showing his prowess, which he promptly seized.

A large Spanish ship, with a considerable treasure on board, took fire; whether by accident or from the English shots was never known. So valuable was her cargo that the Spaniards were unwilling to abandon her without trying, at least, to secure it. So a big galleon, commanded by a famous grandee named Don Pedro de Valdez, with whom were fifty Spaniards of high rank, bore down on the burning ship to rescue the treasure from the flames. The fire had not yet got beyond the control of Don Pedro’s exertions; and in a few minutes he was relieved to find it quite extinguished. But it happened that Drake was lurking not far off in the “Revenge.” When, therefore, he saw the galleon turn and hasten to the succour of the burning ship, he suddenly turned

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and swooped down upon her. A fierce and vigorous attack soon reduced Don Pedro to the necessity of surrender. Drake at once boarded the galleon, and his soldiers made prisoners of all its occupants. As Drake stood on deck, giving his orders, the proud ~~Don~~ Pedro approached him, and bending, politely kissed his hand.

“ We had resolved,” said he, “ to die in battle ; and we would have done so, had we not had the good fortune to fall into the hands of so gentle and courteous a warrior, who is generous to a vanquished foe. It is doubtful, sir, whether your enemies have greater cause to admire and love you for your valiant and prosperous exploits, or to dread you for your wisdom and good fortune. Surely you are favoured alike by Mars, the god of war, and by Neptune, the god of the sea ! ”

This courtly speech softened Drake’s heart. He gave orders that each of the captives, and especially Don Pedro, should be treated with all respect and kindness. The galleon, with the prisoners, was sent into Dartmouth Harbour. Don Pedro and his companions remained in England for two years, at the end of which time Drake received over three thousand pounds for their ransom. On the galleon he captured fifty-five thousand ducats, which he promptly divided among his crew. This was the

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only booty of large value taken from the Spaniards during this memorable conflict.

The morning after this exploit the English fleet, and the innumerable smaller craft which had been lying in wait in the Dover and Sussex harbours, poured forth in a forest of sail into the Channel, and bore down upon the lofty galleons of Spain. On every side the Armada was worried and assailed by little vessels, while at the same time, on its flanks and rear, the heavy shots from the cannon of the English men-of-war made fearful havoc. The persistent assaults of the small craft, indeed, were as if “a whale were attacked by the harpoons of a flotilla of boats.” The conflict went on in great confusion, but without rest or parley, day by day and night by night. The English never once slackened their pursuit, or the fury of their blows upon the invading fleet. The men-of-war kept sternly forward; the smaller craft clung to the galleons like countless leeches; the admirals, refusing to take repose, remained constantly on deck, to inspire their men and to direct the whirlwind of ceaseless battle. The English soldiers and sailors fought like lions, while, from the first, the luckless Spaniards seemed to feel the shadow of coming defeat.

At last, on the night of July 28th, when the Armada had been slowly but steadily driven through

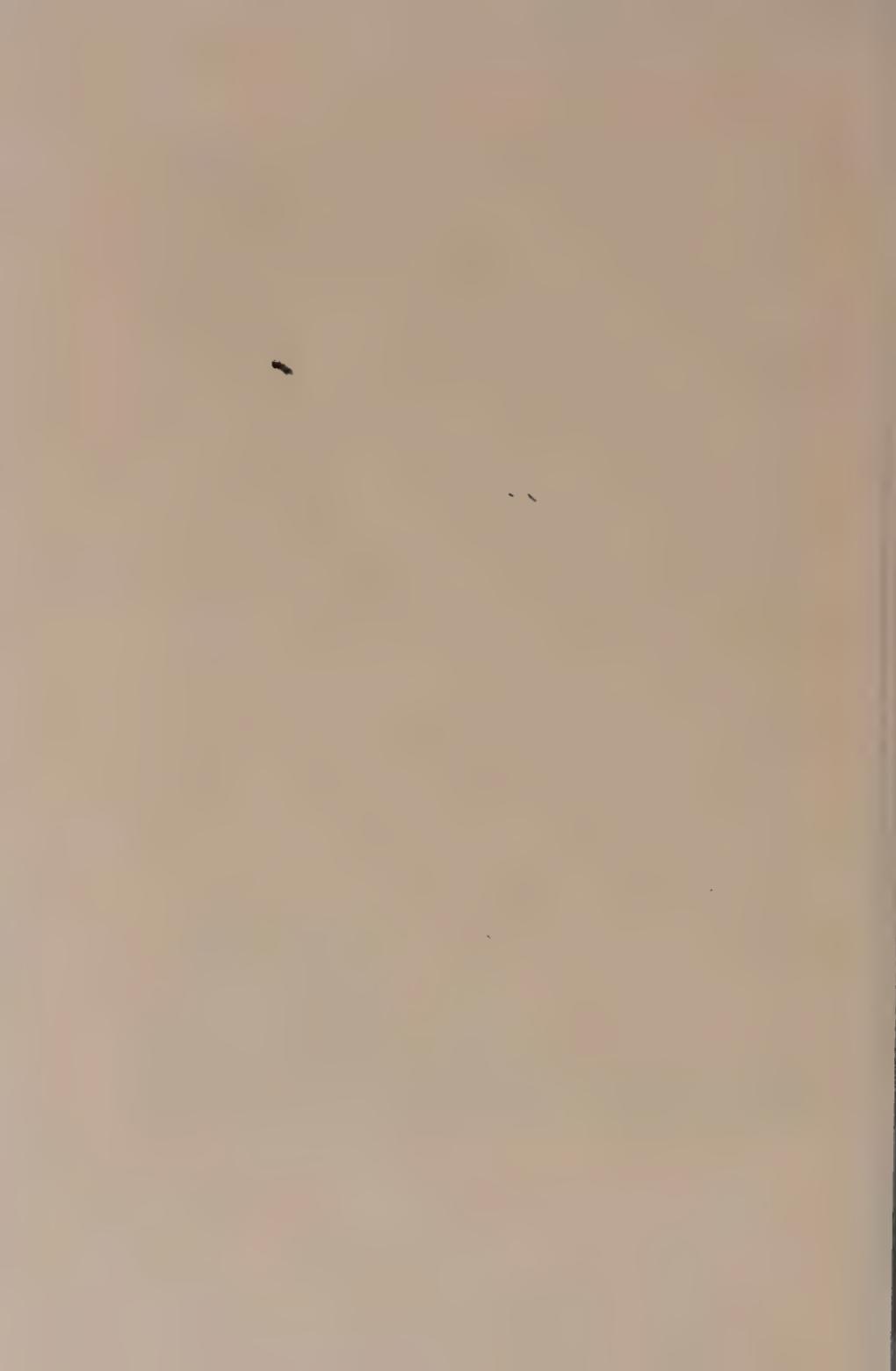
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the Channel and to the entrance of the North Sea, a stratagem devised by the English completed its discomfiture. Eight boats, packed with combustible materials, were set on fire, and were driven by a favourable wind into the very midst of the Spanish galleons. A scene of confusion, terror, and despair quickly followed. The Spaniards made all haste to cut their cables and allow their ships to drift toward the perilous coast; but in some cases this was done too late. Galleon after galleon became a mass of glaring and roaring flame, which cast its lurid reflection far over the night-darkened waters. The frantic separation of the galleons from one another proved Drake's opportunity, which he was quick to seize. At once bearing down upon the scene with his squadron, which he himself led on the "Revenge," he boarded and captured twelve of the stately ships. With these in tow he retired and rejoined the rest of the English fleet. This was the last, as it was the most heroic exploit which attended the overwhelming victory of the English over the "Invincible Armada."

The almost entire destruction of the Armada by tempest, after it had been riddled by English shot and diminished by Drake's bold capture, speedily succeeded the latter event. Of the one hundred and fifty ships with which the Duke of Medina

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ARMADA





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Sidonia had sailed from Spain, only sixty returned. These were more or less disabled. King Philip, when he heard of the calamities of his proud fleet, bitterly exclaimed, “ I did not send them to fight against winds and waves ! ”

This brilliant victory of the English carried the fame of Elizabeth and her naval heroes to the highest point. The years which followed, as the historian Froude says, “ were years of splendour and triumph. The flag of England became supreme on the seas ; English commerce penetrated to the farthest corners of the Old World, and English colonies rooted themselves on the shores of the New. The national intellect, strung by the excitement of sixty years, took shape in a literature which is an eternal possession of mankind.”

It is no wonder that Drake and the other heroes of this great sea-battle were overwhelmed with honours and adulation. Brilliant banquets were held in the palace, and for awhile all London gave itself over to the joyous celebrations of the event. Business was suspended, and the people devoted themselves to the pastimes of a long holiday. The Queen and her courtiers went freely to and fro, to be everywhere greeted with the lusty applause of multitudes, and to receive the gratifying evidences of a revived loyalty. Elizabeth ordered that prayers of thanksgiving should be offered up in

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every church in her realm for the noble victory, and went herself one day, in great state, surrounded by a dazzling retinue of nobles and warriors, to the cathedral of St Paul's, to be present at the thanksgiving service.

But however complete the discomfiture of the Spaniards for the time, Elizabeth and her advisers knew that it would not be wise to rest content with this triumph. The people clamoured to follow it up by an attack upon the arrogant power which had so rashly defied England's prowess in her native waters. Spain herself must be assailed on her own soil. The Queen, who had as stout and warlike a soul as any of her generals or admirals, quickly responded to this loud popular appeal. Scarcely had the English fleet been once more anchored in the docks, than preparations were begun to send forth another expedition. As soon as this was known, sailors and soldiers flocked from every direction, eager to have a share in its ventures and its glory. No less than twenty thousand offered their arms and lives to the cause ; and before many months the expedition was ready for departure.

All eyes were turned to one man as its admiral. Drake alone possessed the genius and the experience to cope successfully with the still powerful foe on his own ground. He was placed in command of the fleet ; Sir John Norris went with him as

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general of the land forces, and among the gallant knights who joined Drake's standard with impetuous ardour was the young Earl of Essex, then the favourite of the Queen. Drake's aim was to strike at Spain through her ally and neighbour, Portugal. It happened that a pretender to the throne of Portugal, named Don Antonio of Crato, had long been living as an exile in England. His pretensions supplied a good pretext for attacking the Portuguese. Elizabeth espoused his cause, and gave out that the object of Drake's expedition was to place him on the throne which he claimed. Accordingly, Don Antonio went with Drake on the flag-ship.

On the 5th of April, 1589, the fleet sailed from Plymouth. But it had scarcely got into the open sea before a quarrel arose between Drake and Norris. The result of this quarrel, which continued throughout the voyage, was greatly to lessen the success of Drake's operations. On anchoring off Corunna, Drake wished to attack that seaport; but Norris so strenuously opposed this that Drake was forced to yield. The fleet then put in at Peniche. There the soldiers under Norris and Essex were landed, and marched on Lisbon, the Portuguese capital, while the ships bore down along the coast upon the same point. The troops reached the city first. Norris had been deceived

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in believing that the people would rise in favour of Don Antonio, and would welcome the English. He now found himself confronted by a hostile population, and saw the Portuguese guns frowning down upon him from the seven hills of Lisbon. His force was too small to assault a place so strongly defended ; and before Drake could arrive off the harbour with the fleet, Norris was forced to retreat from the town.

Meanwhile, Drake, who had intended to lead the fleet up the river Tagus, on whose banks Lisbon stands, found it impossible to do this, the mouth of the river being guarded by the castle of St Julian. He therefore seized Cascaes, a small town at the mouth of the river, and while there captured a squadron of Portuguese ships laden with corn. This was the only important result of this ill-fated expedition. The troops soon after embarked, and after a brief and unfortunate cruise to the Azores, during which much sickness prevailed on the ships, and several violent storms assailed them, Drake returned crestfallen to England.

CHAPTER XVI

DRAKE'S LAST VOYAGE

U P to the time of this disastrous voyage, Drake's career had been one of unbroken success and victory. The failure to capture Lisbon was the first check to his brilliant fortunes. He was now over fifty years of age ; his rough and turbulent life had made him an old man before his time. From this turning-point, too, he was destined to meet with nothing but disappointment. The last years of this great hero of the seas were spent amid the gloom of defeat and abortive ventures.

On his arrival in England, Drake encountered savage attacks from his enemies. No man of his fame, achievements, and influence could hope to escape jealousy and calumny. His foes at court seized upon the ill-success of his expedition to Portugal as a pretext for the most malignant charges against him. It was said that his pretensions to naval prowess were hollow ; that he had never achieved what he had boasted of having done ; that he was not loyal to the Queen.

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Drake indignantly demanded to be heard before the royal council. When, grey and bronzed, with kindling eyes and haughty mien, he appeared at the council board around which sat the most renowned statesmen of England, he instantly won the respect of all; and when, with direct and simple eloquence, he defended his conduct from the foul aspersions which had been cast upon it, and showed that the divided command between him and Norris was the main cause of the failure of the Lisbon expedition, he was acquitted by the council with one voice of the charges brought against him, and dismissed with untarnished honour. He was still received with distinction at the court of Elizabeth, which was now at the zenith of its prosperity and splendour, and shared for a while with hearty zest the elegant pleasures of its gay and witty cavaliers. Then, tiring of the show, extravagance, and hollowness of existence amid the throng of courtiers, the old hero retired to his beloved Plymouth, thinking to spend his declining years with wife and friends, and in the midst of the maritime bustle of the busy port.

Drake had always been greatly beloved at Plymouth. The people of the town, who regarded him as one of themselves, had been very proud of his marvellous exploits on the sea. They had witnessed his kindness to his parents and brothers.

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They had themselves benefited by his generosity in many ways, and especially by the introduction, at his own expense, of water into the town. They had crowded the quays whenever an expedition, in which he had a command, set forth from their pretty harbour ; and had bidden him “God-speed” when, with the other great naval captains, he had set forth to grapple with the “ Invincible Armada.”

It may well be believed, therefore, that on his return to settle down in their midst, he was welcomed with universal warmth and was treated with pre-eminent honour. He showed that he was grateful for this affection by many fresh acts of public benefaction. Among other deeds of this kind, he established, with his kinsman, Sir John Hawkins, what was called the “Chest of Chatham,” which was a generous provision for the relief of aged and invalid sailors. In 1593 Drake was chosen by Plymouth as a member of the House of Commons ; and once more, for a short while, found himself in the midst of the busy world of London. To sit in Parliament was not wholly new to him, for once before he had been a member for a brief period. But the turmoil and arts of politics did not suit his blunt, honest temperament, and he did not attempt to achieve renown on this arena.

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Though old and weary, his ambitious and venturesome spirit was not yet broken. After a short while he chafed under the uncongenial pursuits of political life, and grew weary of his indolent existence at Plymouth. Once more the yearning for the sea and the intoxication of conflict took possession of him. The war with Spain had not yet come to an end. It still went on, for the most part on the ocean. Drake saw with impatience one fleet after another sail away from Plymouth Harbour in pursuit of conquest and plunder. At last he could brook his idleness no longer. He went to London and once more offered his services to Elizabeth. In spite of his discomfiture at Lisbon, he was still looked upon as the bravest and most skilful sea-warrior of the age, and his offer to re-enter upon his old avocation was eagerly accepted.

The fire of Drake's hatred of the Spaniards still burned fiercely in his breast. He could not bear to see the war against them languishing, or to hear of the occasional victories which they won over Elizabeth's squadrons.

With all his old zeal and energy, therefore, he set about raising a fleet for a fresh expedition. He drew generously on his ample fortune for this purpose. He joined his ancient comrade, Sir John Hawkins, in his plans, and it was agreed that Sir

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John, being the elder in years and experience, should take equal command in the fleet. No pains were spared to make this fleet as formidable as possible. Queen Elizabeth supplied six stout men-of-war; and twenty-one more were purchased, equipped, and provisioned by Hawkins and Drake. A force of twenty-five hundred men, many of them veterans in military and naval warfare, was collected; and the ships were provided with an abundant supply of cannon, arms, and ammunition. Drake proposed that the expedition should be directed against the West Indies and the Spanish settlements in Central America. He thus chose a ground of attack with which he had become familiar by several previous voyages and campaigns. With the fleet was to go an able general named Sir Thomas Baskerville, to take command of the land force.

The fleet was ready to sail in the early summer of 1595. But just as Hawkins and Drake were about to set forth it was reported that Spain was on the point of despatching another powerful fleet to invade England. They were therefore delayed in order to take part in the defence of the coast, should the rumour prove true. But after weeks had passed, and no new Armada made its appearance, the admirals at last resolved that there was no reason for waiting any longer. On the 28th

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day of August, 1595, the stately fleet of twenty-seven set sail, flying its standards and pennons, and spreading all its new snow-white canvass as it slowly filed out of Plymouth Harbour, followed by the acclamations of the people.

As Drake stood on the deck of his ship, he looked long and earnestly at the fast-fading cliffs of his native Devon. Perhaps, as with sad eyes he scanned the familiar scenes, he had a feeling that he should never behold them again. It was, indeed, the last time his gaze rested upon the fair landscape of England.

The fleet was divided into two squadrons, commanded by Drake and Hawkins respectively. It had not proceeded far before Drake perceived into what an error he had fallen in sailing with a divided command. This had already been the cause of his first failure at Lisbon ; and now he had committed the same mistake which he had made before. He and Hawkins had been lifelong friends and comrades ; but both were proud men, unused to being commanded by others, and not easily yielding to opinions contrary to their own. A few days after sailing, the chief officers of the fleet met in council on board the “Garland,” which was the flag-ship. Drake complained that he had three hundred more men in his squadron than there were in the other, and demanded that a portion of them should be

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transferred to the ships under Hawkins. To this Hawkins objected; whereupon an angry quarrel ensued between the two admirals, in the presence of all their officers. The bad blood thus aroused brought confusion and weakness into the councils of the fleet, and was destined to mar its success in more ways than one.

About a week after the altercation of the admirals, another council of the officers was summoned on board the "Defiance," the ship commanded by Drake. While the ultimate destination of the fleet was the West Indies, Drake desired that it should first diverge to the Canaries, for it had been reported that a rich Spanish galleon was lying off those islands which was well worth the trouble of capturing. Once more the two admirals bitterly disagreed. Hawkins insisted that the fleet should sail directly for the West Indies. The quarrel might have ended in the separation of the squadrons, had not the general, Sir Thomas Baskerville, interposed and pacified the angry old sea-dogs. He succeeded in making them shake hands, and the next day the admirals, with Baskerville, dined with great good-nature and festivity on board the "Garland."

Drake's wishes prevailed. The fleet directed its course to the Canaries, which were reached about

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a month after the departure from Plymouth. Anchoring off one of the larger islands, the Englishmen found it to be strongly defended and prepared for their assault. Drake ordered his pinnaces to be manned and sent forward to assail the fort; but when they approached within its range, they were so furiously overwhelmed with the enemy's shot that they were forced to return to the fleet in all haste. Drake would not depart, however, until he had made one more attempt to capture the place. The fleet sailed round the island, and anchored off its south-western point, where water was taken in. But after sending a force on shore which achieved nothing, and was repulsed by guerrillas, Drake finally gave up his attempt altogether.

Drake's last voyage across the Atlantic was a rapid one, for it occupied exactly one month. Leaving the Canaries on the 28th of September, 1595, the fleet sighted a small island lying just south-east of St Domingo on the 27th of October. During the voyage Sir John Hawkins, who was now old and worn by many voyages, fell ill; and this event softened the ill-feeling between the two admirals. It was decided not to make an attack upon St Domingo, but to push on to Guadeloupe. While the fleet was anchored at this island, one of the ships, the "Delight," which, with several

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others, had been separated from the fleet, arrived one morning with startling news. A Spanish fleet of nine frigates had encountered the straying vessels, and had captured the "Francis," one of Drake's squadron.

This news filled Drake with disappointment and anger, and, in his old impetuous way, he urged that the whole fleet should forthwith proceed in pursuit of the Spaniards. It was clear that the Spaniards knew of the arrival of the English armament, and would very likely baulk Drake's designs upon the islands and colonies. But to Drake's rash proposal Hawkins refused to agree; and in this he was sustained by the other officers. Instead, therefore, of sailing in search of the Spanish fleet, the two squadrons lay for some time off Guadeloupe. This island was barren and cheerless; there were no towns to plunder, nor were there products to be gathered as provisions. The time was therefore employed in trimming the ships, mounting the cannon, and taking in a supply of fresh water.

The next destination of the fleet was the large island of Porto Rico. On the way a landing was made on one of the Virgin Islands, where the forces of the fleet were reckoned up and divided off anew into companies. At this place Hawkins's illness so rapidly increased that his companions

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became greatly alarmed. The ill-fortune of the expedition thus far had preyed upon his gallant and ambitious spirit, and had aggravated the malady from which he had long been suffering. The old hero, who was carefully tended on board the flag-ship, impatiently demanded that the fleet should make all haste for Porto Rico. That island was reached on the 11th of November. Hawkins's spirits revived as he beheld this famous spot, which he knew to be a Spanish stronghold, a storing-place for treasure, and very fruitful. But on the next day he sank rapidly, and at three o'clock in the afternoon, surrounded by Drake and other officers, the weary sea-rover breathed his last.

The death of Hawkins left Drake in sole command of the fleet. He bitterly mourned the loss of his old kinsman and friend, for during Hawkins's illness the quarrel between them had been healed, and Drake had patiently yielded to Hawkins's wishes as to the fleet. But Drake had no time to waste in deplored this loss. The expedition had thus far accomplished nothing. It was necessary to put his plans into execution without delay. Baskerville succeeded Hawkins in command of the flag-ship "Garland"; and now a prompt attack upon the town of Porto Rico was resolved upon.

The Spanish on shore had been aroused by the

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appearance of the English fleet off the harbour. Hawkins had not been dead three hours before four cannon were planted directly opposite the foremost line of Drake's ships. It happened that Drake, with Sir Nicholas Clifford and several other officers of high rank, was sitting at supper on board the "Defiance," the ship which lay nearest the shore. While they were thus regaling themselves, suddenly a cannon-ball crashed through the ship's side, and whizzed across the cabin in which the officers were. It struck the stool upon which Drake was sitting, and sent him sprawling upon the floor. He escaped more easily than some of his companions. Sir Nicholas Clifford and Captain Brute Brown were fatally wounded, and three other officers were seriously hurt.

Drake at once ordered the ships which lay too near the shore to draw off out of range of the cannon. His blood was up, however, and he resolved on a desperate attack the next day. Besides the well-armed fort which rose in the town near the water's edge, five Spanish frigates now appeared to take part in the defence of the place. These vessels rode securely under the protection of the guns of the fort.

Drake saw that he could not safely land his soldiers under the double fire of the frigates and the fort; so on the following night he made a

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desperate attempt to set fire to the frigates. His boats succeeded in burning one of them, and the conflagration, bursting forth from deck and mast amid the blackness of midnight, lit up with a fierce and lurid glare the town, the harbour, and the sea. The other frigates resisted every attempt to fire them, and at the same time opened with such a deadly effect upon Drake's smaller craft that several, to his intense chagrin, sank before his eyes.

But Drake continued the conflict with desperate valour. Again and again the English ships advanced to the attack upon the Spanish fort and fleet, but each time were repulsed with heavy loss. Not only the fort, but the shore below, bristled with the Spanish artillery ; and the Spanish force was evidently much larger than the English. Night closed upon the scene, and the din of battle ceased. Drake still refused to confess that he was beaten by withdrawing his fleet and continuing the voyage. He called a council of his chief officers, and asked each in turn his advice. Nearly all were for retreat ; but two of the officers, Rush and Maynard, urged that there was still a chance for victory. Drake, ever more ready to receive warlike counsels than to retire before even a more powerful enemy, resolved that next day he would again attack Porto Rico.

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The coming of dawn, however, showed that the Spaniards had made up their minds to sacrifice everything to the successful defence of the place. As Drake ascended on deck and gazed toward the harbour, he saw that the Spaniards were sinking some of their frigates in its waters. Four large ships were sunk one after another. Then two more were set on fire, and amid the illumination thus created, the Spaniards in the fort opened a terrific fire on the English fleet.

Drake now perceived that to continue the attack would be an act not so much of courage as of wanton folly. With a heavy heart he gave the order to his vessels to retreat. This they could do safely, for the Spanish frigates would have been no match for them on the open sea. Slowly the fleet sailed away. They soon turned an eastern promontory of the island, and were out of sight of the town.

Four days later the fleet anchored at the western end of the island, in the smooth and pleasant bay of St Jermana. The coast thereabout was undefended, and the weary wayfarers were able to land and wander about in safety. Here they succeeded in getting fruit, fish and cattle, which, after their wanderings and privations, were most refreshing. The brief period of rest during which they sojourned at the bay of St Jermana revived

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their strength and spirits, but Drake, whose heart was sorely oppressed by his repulse at Porto Rico, soon became restless, and ordered his men on board again. The fleet then once more set out in search of plunder and conquest.

CHAPTER XVII

DEATH OF DRAKE

FOR a while success attended the operations of the fleet after its departure from St Jermana. Drake pursued his project of devastation and plunder with all his old untiring energy. On reaching Curaçoa he had the misfortune to lose one of his ships, the "Exchange," which sprang a leak and sank. But the island was fertile, and the crews regaled themselves upon the cattle and goats which they found there in abundance. The next attack was made upon Rio de la Hacha, a large and flourishing Spanish settlement. The town was undefended, but the inhabitants, having heard of the approach of the English fleet, had made all haste to collect their valuables, and to hide them in the woods in the interior. Drake landed with a company of soldiers, scoured the country for twenty miles round the town, and succeeded in discovering a large part of the treasure which had been concealed. Quite a number of prisoners, both Spaniards and negroes, were taken at Rio de la Hacha.

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Leaving his fleet anchored in the harbour of this place, Drake set out with two hundred men in row-boats to attack the neighbouring town of Lancheria, where he obtained a quantity of pearls, besides capturing a Spanish caravel which proved to contain money, wine and myrrh. The Spanish governor of this town, in order to gain time to convey its treasures away in safety, sent to Drake proposing to give a heavy ransom. But Drake saw through the artifice, and, though he liberated the prisoners he had taken, he set fire to the town and the Spanish boats, and then returned to his fleet.

The next day he sailed for Santa Marta, a very picturesque town on the coast which presented an inviting point of attack. Landing his troops on the shore below, he advanced upon the ramparts, which proved to be weakly defended. The English entered the town, meeting with no other resistance than a few shots from the woods on either side. But here, as in so many other places, the people had been forewarned of the approach of their foe, and had carried away everything of value. The English were at least able to procure a good store of provisions in this town, which, after in vain searching for treasure, Drake ordered to be burned to the ground.

Not very far from Santa Marta was the great depot of Nombre de Dios, which Drake had more

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than once taken and plundered. It was still an emporium of Spanish trade and a storehouse of Spanish treasures. Drake had looked forward to the capture and pillage of Nombre de Dios as a compensation for all his bitter disappointments. It was with high hope, therefore, that he saw its spires, its fort, and its walls appear in view over the waters. The morning after anchoring off the town Drake landed his men, and advanced boldly, under a feeble fire from the little fort. The Spaniards in the fort had but one small cannon, which unluckily for them burst the first time they attempted to fire it. Meanwhile Drake and his men, as they approached the ramparts, could plainly see the people flying terrified in all directions. Two or three Spaniards in their fright ran directly toward the advancing column, and were taken prisoners. Drake questioned them closely, and learned, greatly to his chagrin, that everything of value had already been carried out of the town and safely hidden in the interior of the country, while much of the treasure had been hastily transferred on mules to Panama, on the other side of the isthmus.

Desperate with this crowning disappointment, Drake caused Nombre de Dios to be burned, and before the English retired every building in it had fallen a prey to the flames.

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For once the stout heart of the old sea-dog nearly failed him. His health was much broken by the repeated calamities of the voyage, and had been seriously affected by the death of Hawkins. He now half resolved to give up the further pursuit of the expedition and to return crestfallen to England. But the thought of the stigma which would obscure his renown, and the disgrace which would fall upon him in his old age, spurred him up to one more vigorous attempt to retrieve his recent misfortunes.

The road across the isthmus to Panama was, as Drake well knew by experience, a rough and dangerous one. There were two routes thither. By the river Chagres, the mouth of which lay sixty miles from where the fleet was anchored, a flotilla might pass up to within about fifteen miles of Panama. By the rude, difficult road across the isthmus the way was through dreary desert expanses and over rugged, pathless eminences. This route was a wearisome one, and not only did the English lack means for carrying provisions and arms, but they had no guides to conduct them safely. After a council of his chief officers, however, Drake decided that an expedition should be sent to Panama, and should go by way of the road. He thought the river the more dangerous, as his force would there be more exposed to attack.

A force of seven hundred and fifty soldiers,

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under the command of Sir Thomas Baskerville, the oldest general in the fleet, was detailed to make its way as best it could to Panama. Drake resolved to await the result of the expedition on board the flag-ship. His health was now too feeble for him to share, as he wished, the tedious march of his troops. Besides, it might well be that in the absence of so large a force the fleet might be attacked by the Spaniards, who were known to be lurking in the vicinity.

On the 29th of December Sir Thomas Baskerville set out at the head of his little army. At first the march was rapid and unobstructed. On the evening of the second day the expedition had gone twenty-seven miles, and had not seen or heard of any opposing force. They were now midway between the two oceans. The next morning, however, they had startling evidence that the Spaniards were not far off. A large building, which was a half-way storehouse between Panama and Nombre de Dios, was seen just ahead, enveloped in flames. The Spaniards had set fire to it rather than that it should fall into Baskerville's hands. The soldiers had hardly marched a league farther when they espied a high hill, on the summit of which breastworks had been hurriedly thrown up. Presently they saw cannon bristling above the breastworks, and now and then the head of a

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Spaniard appeared. The fortification commanded the rough winding road over which the English were passing. Just at this point the road ran between steep declivities, so that there seemed to be no way of avoiding the fortified hill. The English, however, made an attempt to pass by clambering up the banks, and creeping along through the brakes and bushes. Some of them succeeded in reaching a spot above the breastworks, whence, it seemed, an attack might be made upon it. But when the English attempted to fire, they found that their powder was spoiled by the heavy rain which had soaked them the day before. It only remained to give up the attempt to capture the breastwork.

While Baskerville was considering what step to take next, one of his scouts came in with news which completely discouraged him. Not only did the fortified hill directly in front of him form an obstacle to his advance, but the road ahead presented many similar strongholds of the enemy; and if all of these should be taken and passed in turn, there remained, a short distance from Panama, a bridge, where the Spaniards had strongly entrenched themselves in far greater numbers than those under Baskerville's command.

The rain had not only wet the powder; it had spoiled a large portion of the provisions of the

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expedition. To the certain resistance of superior forces was added the danger of starvation. Some of Baskerville's principal officers had died by the way, and one or two, including the quartermaster, had been killed in the abortive attempt on the fortified hill. The general was forced to conclude that the expedition had completely failed, and that it would be fortunate if his little army could reach Nombre de Dios again, without being destroyed by the onslaughts of the Spaniards.

The march back to the ships was a sad and painful one. The men grew weary with illness ; their shoes, worn out, dropped from their blistered feet, and the scant food left them weak and incapable of long marches. When at last they straggled to the shore and boarded the ships, they were the most woebegone company upon whom Drake had ever set eyes. Their failure only increased his despondency. He became weaker than ever, and now could scarcely drag himself on deck. With all these calamities, however, his bold spirit was still unsubdued. He hoped against hope to retrieve his misfortunes.

The fleet sailed to the mouth of the river Chagres, where Drake was again repulsed, the Spaniards defending the point in superior numbers. Advancing along the coast, Drake, after a council of his officers, attacked one after the other two Spanish

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settlements called Granada and Leon. Here a gleam of good fortune lit up the gloom of general calamity. He succeeded in sinking fourteen small Spanish frigates, and secured some bars of silver and other treasure. Even so trifling a success revived his ambition. He could not bear to leave America without one more effort to capture Panama with its abundant riches.

He therefore held his course for Nicaragua, but on the way he found only desolate and sickly islands, where his men died by the score, and no provisions were to be had. The loss of three of his captains reduced Drake again to despair; and now at last, with grief-stricken heart, he was forced to abandon any further attempt on Panama. He declared to his officers that these regions were sadly changed from what they had been in former years. "I once found delicious and pleasant harbours," he said, "but it now seemeth a waste and desert wilderness." Then his spirits would revive, and he would say cheerily :

"It matters not, my men. God hath many things in store for us. I know many means to do her Majesty good service, and to make us rich. For we must have gold before we see England."

But day by day the poor old hero grew more and more melancholy, and pined at the bitter thought of his baulked ambition. "Since our return from

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Panama," says one of his comrades, "he never carried joy or mirth in his face; yet no man that loved him dared to show that he took notice thereof."

The fleet, which had already turned its prows homeward, one day cast anchor in the harbour of the island of Porta Bella, about thirty miles from the coast. This was in order to search for fresh water and to sink one of the caravels, transferring her cargo and crew to a recently captured vessel. The harbour was the best the men had seen since leaving Plymouth, and they lingered in it for several days.

Meanwhile Drake, much to the grief of his comrades, had grown more and more feeble. The fleet had not been long at Porta Bella when he became so weak that he could no longer leave his cabin. The crew began to whisper gravely to each other, and to move silently about the ship. The surgeon sadly shook his head. It was evident that the brave old veteran could not live; that his span of life was now very short. A high fever seized him as he lay tossing in his cabin, and reduced his already wavering strength with fearful rapidity.

The morning of the 28th of January, 1596, was bright, clear, and genial. Drake, as he lay on his couch, felt the balmy influence of the air, and saw the sun's rays creeping in at the window. To the

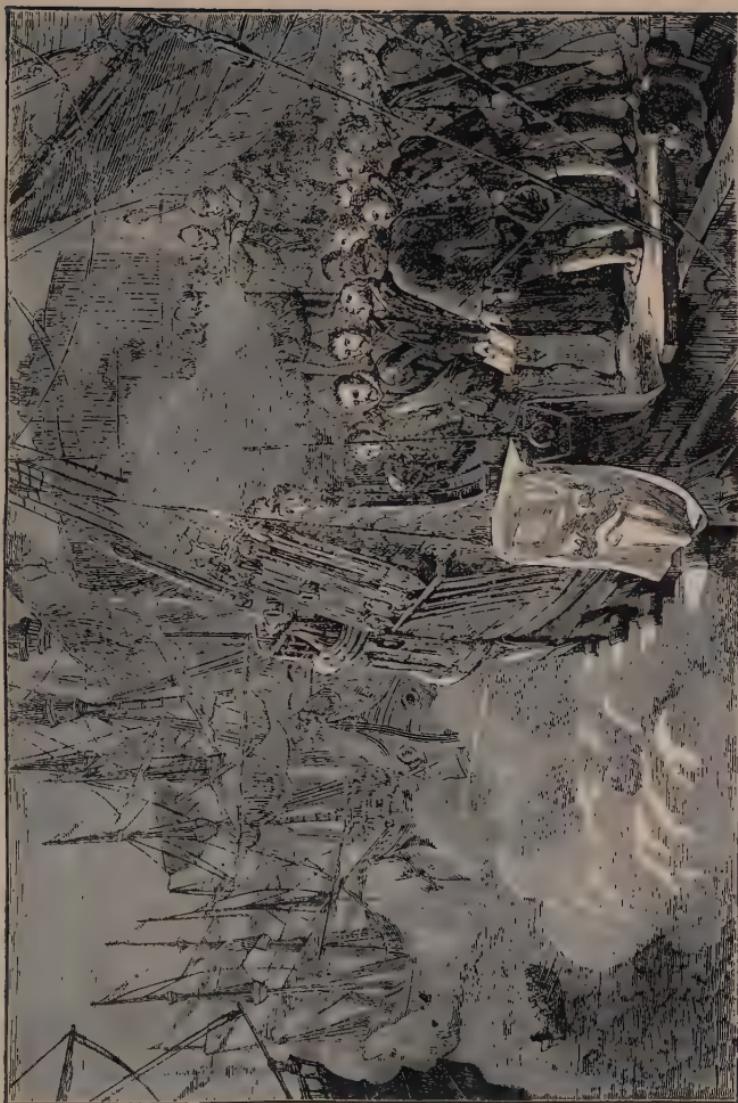
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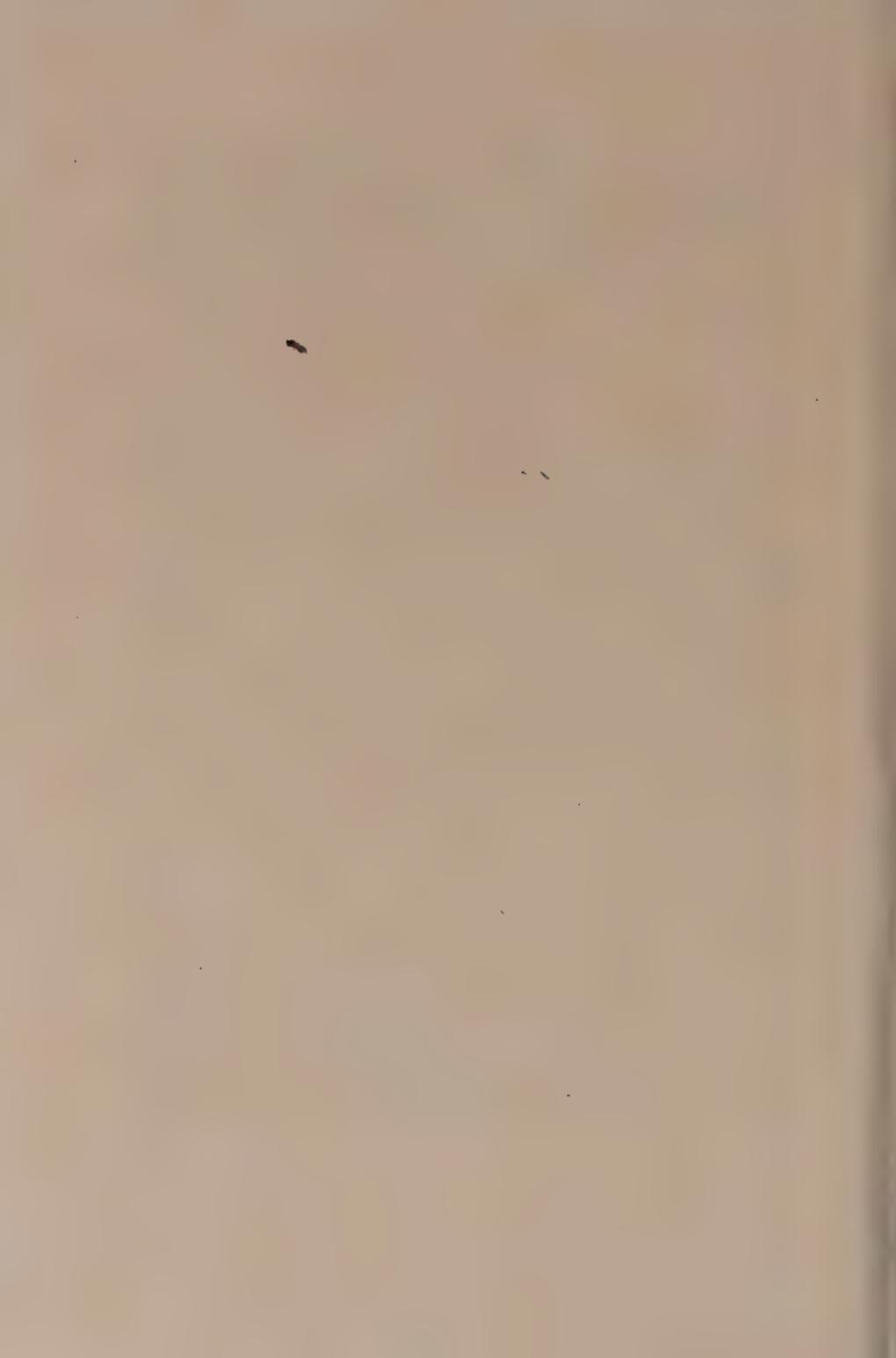
surgeon's dismay he insisted on rising, dressing himself, and going on deck. He declared that he was stronger, and that the gentle breezes would give him new life. Crawling from his bed and staggering across the narrow cabin, he began to put on his clothes. His attendants looked on with misgiving and alarm. He lifted his doublet, then dropped it on the floor. He reeled and fell against the side of the cabin. He began to talk wildly, as if in delirium. At last he sank with a groan into the surgeon's arms. He was tenderly lifted by the sturdy hands of his faithful sailors, and again stretched upon his couch.

The dull pallor of death overspread his bronzed and wrinkled face. For nearly an hour his companions breathlessly watched the rigid features. Once Drake's eyes opened and looked round, and one hand was feebly lifted. It seemed as if he were about to speak. But the hand fell on the bed, and a film gathered over the orbs; and in a few moments all was over. Sir Francis Drake was dead!

The grief and despair of the crew, who revered and adored their admiral, may be imagined. All that day there was nothing but mourning on board the ships. The command of the expedition now fell on Baskerville. His only thought was to return home as quickly as possible, and carry the dismal

THE COFFIN WAS SLOWLY LIFTED AND SWUNG OFF THE SHIP'S SIDE





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news. At first it was proposed that Drake's remains should be embalmed as well as their situation would permit, and taken to England. But Baskerville decided that the most fitting grave for the stout old sea-king was beneath the waters of that mighty deep which he had ridden so boldly, and upon which he had won his world-wide fame.

Drake's corpse was therefore placed in a leaden coffin and was laid in state on the deck of the flag-ship. On the day after his death, the ship slowly floated away a league from the island. At that distance from any land, the funeral rites were held. Amid the sobs and groans of the officers and men, the chaplain, standing by the bier, solemnly repeated the burial service of the Church. Then the appointed signal was given; a volley of musketry was fired over the bows; the guns of the ship responded with solemn voices; the coffin was slowly lifted, fastened with ropes, and swung off the ship's side; and in another moment the company heard the heavy splash, which apprised them that the mortal remains of the hero were seeking their eternal resting-place in the unfathomed depths.

The waves became his winding-sheet; the waters were
his tomb;
But, for his fame, the ocean sea was not sufficient
room.

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Soon after this sad event, Baskerville set sail for England. On the way he had a fierce battle with the Spanish off the island of Cuba, in which he succeeded in sinking or burning some of the enemy's vessels. It was late in March when he at last reached home and told the tale of Drake's death. The news was received with universal grief. Mingled with the admiration which all felt for his exploits and triumphs was a feeling of pitiful sympathy for the old hero's later misfortunes. Those who had envied and maligned him while living were silenced by his death ; and every honour with which the nation could crown his memory was lavished upon it.

History has amply confirmed Drake's fame as one of the greatest among that brilliant galaxy of genius which surrounded Elizabeth's throne. In an age of adventure and maritime enterprise, he was the foremost of England's champions on the sea. He outstripped the renown of the famous admirals who, just as he was appearing on the scene, had already carried England's maritime glory and power to a high pitch. To him, as the doughtiest of those who fought the "Invincible Armada," it is due, more than to any other, that England was able to continue her career of Protestant progress and civilization.

Drake was a perfect master of the art of seaman-

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ship. He was as familiar with the humblest duties of a common sailor as with those of an admiral in command of a fleet, and as good at healing and tending the wounded as the most skilful ship's surgeon. He was, as we have seen, as brave as a lion; and he possessed a spirit which quailed before no obstacle, however great, and which was not cast down by any defeat, however overwhelming. The first to sail an English ship in the Pacific and the farthest Asiatic seas, he may be said to have laid the foundation of the vast empire in the East ruled by the England of to-day.

He was, above all, a patriot, from first to last ardently devoted to his Queen and his country, exposing fortune and life in pursuing, plundering, and chastising Britain's inveterate foe and rival, and ever ready to obey her call in the most desperate ventures and amid the most cruel and long-enduring hardships. Well may the inheritors of his blood and of the traditions of Elizabethan England still proudly cherish the renown and keep green the memory of the Sea-King of Devon!







